

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

MRS. HESTER ANN ROGERS.

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY.

MRS. HESTER ANN ROGERS was born in Macclesfield, Cheshire, England, January 31, 1756. Her father, Rev. Mr. Roe, was for many years the minister of this place, being a clergyman of the Church of England. Her father being a man not only of strict moral habits, but of real piety, trained up his daughter in the scrupulous observance of all outward religious duties. She records that family prayer was never omitted; that the Sabbath was kept strictly sacred; and that God's name was not spoken but with the deepest reverence. There is good reason to believe, however, that this exemplary minister, though pious as far as he was enlightened, was comparatively ignorant of experimental religion.

When not more than four years of age Hester Ann engaged daily in secret prayer. She believed that in any childish grief or pain of body, it was her privilege to seek and obtain help by prayer. When five years old she could read any part of the Old or New Testament, in which she took great delight, frequently asking questions to obtain a better understanding of what she had read. Her father, when she was about eight years old, had a remarkable dream, which seems to have impressed the nearness of death upon his mind: he became more earnest in the discharge of his sacred duties, and a great change was noticed in his conduct and temper. He solemnly warned his daughter against reading novels and romances, and peremptorily forbade her to learn to dance, a practice then almost universal. Very soon after he was taken sick, and in April, 1765, died, leaving his blessing upon his child.

The deep religious impressions made on the daughter's mind by this bereavement, induced

such a manner of life that she became a laughing-stock among her friends and relations, who greatly disliked her seriousness of deportment. Their ridicule was not in vain. Hester began to grow ashamed of being singular, and her mother was prevailed on to send her to a dancing-school, which very soon dissipated not only her seriousness, but all her religious impressions also. Having soon made considerable proficiency in the art, Hester began to take great delight in this insnaring folly. Her love of admiration and of fashionable dress soon left no room in her heart for aught else than frivolity; novels were sought and read with avidity, and plays were frequented. In fine, she now fell into all the practices and delusive pleasures of the world, and was led on, step by step, to the very brink of ruin. During all this time, however, she was not left without keen and remorseful convictions and gentle drawings of the Spirit; but these were resisted.

In the year 1769 the Bishop of Chester visited Macclesfield to administer the rite of confirmation. Hester felt painfully her unfitness, inwardly and outwardly, to receive that ordinance; and yet she resolved, after much penitence, and fasting, and prayer, to take upon her the solemn vows. For some time after this period her life was a most unhappy one; rendered so by the ceaseless strife between a sense of duty and a love of worldly pleasures. "For several months," she says, "I thus repented and sinned, resolved, and broke all my resolutions; sinned and repented again. I dared not receive the Lord's Supper without resolving on a new life; neither dared I to stay away from it."

Her godmother contributed to the difficulties and dangers of this crisis in the religious experience of Hester, by taking her young ward to fashionable watering-places, introducing her into the company of persons in high life, and affording her the means to dress in a style above her

station. Yet amid all these temptations she preserved a decent religious appearance—frequented Church and sacraments, prayed night and morning, and fasted sometimes, especially in Lent.

On returning to Macclesfield at the close of the fashionable season of 1773, she found the town under great excitement, produced by the preaching of Rev. David Simpson, the village curate, who was supposed to have imbibed the views of the Methodists. He had been denouncing, with the greatest boldness, the favorite amusements of the day, such as going to plays, reading novels, attending balls, assemblies, card-parties, etc. Miss Roe determined to hear this preacher, but resolved at the same time not to give up any of these practices. Still she found it quite impossible to defend them on Scriptural grounds; and the plain, pungent discourses of Mr. Simpson began to trouble her. Often, according to her own diary, she was made to weep in bitterness as her sins were set in array before her; resolutions were sometimes adopted to break off from sin by true repentance; but they were soon broken—her goodness being “as the morning cloud.”

Up to this time she had never heard the Methodists, against whom in fact she had imbibed the prevailing prejudices; but a neighbor, who had recently found peace with God, strongly urged her to go and hear them. She went, not long after, to one of their meetings held at five o'clock in the morning. Mr. Samuel Bardsley was the preacher. She says: “I thought every word was for me! He spoke to my heart as if he had known all the secret workings there; and pointed all such sinners as I felt myself to be to Jesus crucified. I was much comforted; my prejudices were now fully removed, and I received a full and clear conviction, ‘These are the people of God, and show, in truth, the way of salvation.’”

A new and serious trouble now arose. Hester's mother had already threatened to disown her if she should ever hear a Methodist. To continue to go among the people every-where spoken against, was literally to give up all. After a great struggle she determined at all hazards to attend the preaching which had been so blessed to her soul. When the mother heard this a storm of persecution burst upon the head of the penitent girl. It required the good offices of an influential uncle to prevent Mrs. Roe from turning her daughter out of doors. For eight weeks she was closely confined to the house, and the services of the clergyman, and the fashionable godmother, and many others were called into requisition to restore Hester to what they

considered a better state of mind. Their efforts were wholly unavailing. Finally she informed her mother that close confinement and cruel treatment could never change her purpose—that she was resolved to seek the salvation of her soul regardless of consequences, and that if she could not do this at home in peace, she would leave home and go as a servant. At the same time she proposed to remain under her mother's roof in the capacity of a servant, on condition that she might attend Methodist meetings. The mother, supposing that her daughter would soon grow weary of hard labor, and perhaps give both it and the Methodists up, after a short trial, consented.

While engaged in the work of a servant, not long after this agreement was entered upon, Hester was clearly and powerfully converted to God, and made inexpressibly happy in his love. “I could now,” she writes, “call Jesus Lord, by the Holy Ghost, and the Father my Father. My sins were gone, my soul was happy, and I longed to depart and be with Jesus. I was truly a new creature, and seemed to be in a new world! I could do nothing but love and praise my God, and could not refrain from continually repeating, Thou art my Father, O God! thou art my God! while tears of joy ran down my cheeks.” She now performed the menial duties of the household with increasing cheerfulness, and bore every cross with a spirit of calm and gentle resignation; but her physical strength was unequal to the labor, and at the end of eight months, by the order of the family physician, she was freed from toil which was hopelessly impairing her health. The determined opposition of her relatives and friends now began to abate, and she was permitted to pursue her course in comparative peace.

About this time—in her nineteenth year—the Lord began to reveal in her heart that all sin was not destroyed—anger, pride, self-will, and unbelief often rising, occasioned a degree of heaviness and sorrow. By reading Mr. Wesley's Plain Account, and Further Thoughts on Christian Perfection, her eyes were opened respecting that great salvation. One or two brief extracts from her diary will best explain the state of her mind at this time:

“*Saturday, 3d.* I have had deep communion with my God, and much power at a throne of grace. I have a clear evidence of his pardoning love, and want nothing but his whole image stamped on my heart.”

“*Thursday, 8th.* Ah! why did I ever doubt his willingness, when he gave Jesus! Gave him to ‘destroy the works of the devil—to make an end of sin!’ The hinderance was in me, not him

He desired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes; accursed sin! But now, Lord, I do believe; this moment thou dost save. Yea, Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all; I am at thy feet, a helpless, worthless worm; but I take hold of thee as my fullness! Every thing that I want thou art. Thou art wisdom, strength, love, and holiness: yes, and thou art mine! I am conquered and subdued by love. Thy love sinks me into nothing; it overflows my soul. O, my Jesus, thou art all in all! In thee I behold and feel all the fullness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; the intercourse is open; sin, inbred sin, no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own!"

While rejoicing in this new-found experience, Mr. Wesley visited Macclesfield, and for the first time she saw and conversed with that eminent man of God. He treated her with parental kindness, and greatly rejoiced in the Lord's goodness to her soul, exhorting her to hold fast whereunto she had attained, and to declare what the Lord had wrought.

On the 19th of August, 1784, she was united in marriage to Rev. James Rogers, "in whom," she says, "the Lord gave me a helpmeet indeed; just such a partner as my weakness needed to strengthen me. He hath made us of one heart and one soul." Mr. Rogers had just been appointed to Dublin, whither they at once hastened, and entered earnestly upon the work which was the delight of both. In three years the society at Dublin increased from about five hundred to more than eleven hundred. Their next appointment was to Cork, and here, also, the work of the Lord greatly prospered and prevailed—about three hundred being gathered into the fold. They were then appointed to London, where it was their privilege to be much in the society of Mr. Wesley, till his lamented death, which occurred about six months after their arrival in the city.

The health of Mrs. Rogers, which was feeble at the time of her marriage, had continued to decline rapidly. On the 10th of October, 1794, she gave birth to a son; after which she lay composed for more than half an hour, with heaven in her countenance, praising God for his great mercy, and expressing her gratitude to all around her. But soon after this her whole frame was thrown into a state of indescribable agitation. After a severe struggle of about fifteen minutes, she laid her head on her husband's bosom and said, "I am going." Mr. Rogers, in the presence of many of her friends who were standing by, said to her, "My dearest, is Jesus precious?" She replied, "Yes, O yes,

yes!" About ten o'clock, in full hope of eternal life, she gently fell asleep in Jesus, in the thirtieth year of her age.

Thus lived and died one of the best of women. As a daughter, wife, mother, she has left a bright example of holy living which can not be too often held up for admiration and imitation. The simple story of her life, made up chiefly from her own diary, will be read and prized among all classes who appreciate the duty and blessedness of Christian purity.

As to her literary abilities, her writings are evidence that they were of no common order. She had a critical knowledge of the English tongue; and being a great reader from infancy, she conversed fluently and intelligently upon all ordinary subjects, whether historical, philosophical, or theological. She took great delight in writing, and employed her pen almost constantly, but never to the neglect of any part of her domestic duties. Including her diary, letters to correspondents, and other compositions, some three thousand quarto pages of manuscript were left in her husband's possession.

Although her reading of various authors was extensive, the Bible was her chief study. In the family it was an invariable rule to read from one to three chapters every morning, as a part of family worship. When alone she often read the Bible kneeling, and found the habit a great blessing to her soul.

As the wife of a minister she enjoyed many opportunities of visiting the sick—a work in which she greatly delighted. She taught her own sex in private, and would pray whenever providentially called upon, either in public or private. The divine unction which attended her prayer, added to the manner in which she pleaded with God for instantaneous blessings, was very extraordinary, and generally felt by all present. In Dublin she met weekly three female classes, consisting of thirty each, to whom she was called to speak individually, besides the occasional conversations on religion, in which she necessarily took a prominent part. At Cork she met two large classes, composed chiefly of those who had been brought into the Church through her instrumentality. While residing in London, although called to the charge of Mr. Wesley's family in addition to her own, she met regularly, and conducted with marked success, two classes. "Thus did the Lord," in the language of Dr. Coke at her funeral, "mold this blessed woman into his image, as the potter does the clay, and use her for his glory, as the ready writer does his pen, till she had served him in her generation, and he said to her, It is enough, come up higher."

GOING TO CAMP MEETING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

YOU were right, my dear niece, in supposing that I should be willing to satisfy your curiosity in regard to the first camp meeting I ever attended, though I am afraid you were wrong in thinking that after so long a period a very life-like description of it could be written; but I will do my best for you. How I "happened to attend," as you phrase it, was on this wise. I had been in delicate health for nearly a year, and my physician had several times urged upon me the propriety of trying a short sea voyage, and a short residence upon the sea-board. Not that he prescribed a camp meeting, but I think I should never have followed his prescription in any way had not a dear friend of mine proposed that I should accompany her to the great annual meeting at Eastham, offering to share her bed and board with me, and to take me under her care generally till my return.

Matters being thus pleasantly arranged without any care of mine, on Monday morning I went on board the schooner which had been engaged to convey our party, in high spirits. There were about sixty passengers in all, most of them strangers to me, but not, as it appeared, to each other; for they were chatting, singing, and laughing together with great sociability.

There had been a north-east storm for a fortnight. I suppose it would be hopeless to attempt giving a Western girl an idea of what an easterly storm is on the coast of Massachusetts. It is during their occurrence that misanthropic people, believers in unconditional reprobation, fall into despair, and insane persons cut their own heads off.

Before leaving the port at H., I had overheard the captain speaking of the unusual swell of the sea, but I had no idea that it was a matter of personal moment to us. I thought the rolling of the distant waves, with the sunlight on their foamy crests, a very poetical sight. A gentle breeze, scarce enough to fill the sails, came balmily across the deck. The slight motion was very agreeable for an hour or so, till, as the captain said, "we had got a little outside." Then I began to have some unpleasant doubts about the "swell of the sea."

A manifest lull in the singing and conversation around me next attracted my attention. One after another, with cadaverous countenances and unsteady steps, sought the cabin; and ere I fully appreciated the new aspect of things, I was myself seized by the sea fiend, and was undergoing all the varieties of anguish that no one can

understand who has never taken lobelia or been seasick.

It was in vain to protest against this tribute to Neptune. A resolute young Miss declared that she came on board to enjoy herself, and she was not going to be cheated out of it. So she braced herself against the wall and awaited the next onset of her invisible foe. It soon came. Pale as death and trembling all over, she shut her teeth together with an unflinching determination not to yield.

"I won't!" she exclaimed desperately. "I will!" was the internal response, and, alas! the logic of the interior triumphed. Completely subdued she crept into her narrow berth, and I saw no more of her till we reached the camp-ground.

About sunset my friend, who was very sick herself, managed to creep on deck with me, and the kind sailors spread a rude couch of buffalo robes and shawls for us in the open air. There we found a young college student, who, as simple as myself, was trying seasickness for his health, and begging every one who came near him to throw him overboard and end his misery. But I was too ill to observe much.

When it was dark I felt better, and lay quietly watching the stars for a long time. We had made very little progress, and instead of being at the end of our voyage as the captain had promised, we could see the gloomy Cohasset rocks, where so many proud ships have been wrecked, at a short distance from us, only needing the gale, so recently hushed, to dash us in pieces at their feet. I asked the captain if we were not drifting back to our starting-place, adding my conviction that most of the passengers would be happy to land and go home. He laughed and said that we could scarcely be fair specimens of the sex reputed never to give up. "But look," he added, merrily pointing to a distant part of the deck; "there are two of your company who seem to enjoy themselves. They have been eating ever since they came on board. You ought to see the provisions that they have in the hold. They are going to board themselves. Look at them, Miss Grace," he continued to my friend, "and be ashamed of the fasting penance you have endured to-day." We both looked in the direction indicated, and by the dim light of the lanterns on deck we saw a man and his wife, each with a pyramid of brown bread in one hand and a corresponding allowance of cheese in the other.

"What will they do with it, captain?" asked my friend in surprise.

"Do with it? Why, eat it. They have been at it for hours on hours, and the only change

that is expressed by either face is caused by opening and shutting the mouth. And Murray here," indicating a bright lad who stood near him watching them with his eyes and mouth both open, "has watched them till his wits are gone: he is completely fascinated."

"Who are they, any way?" asked the boy.

"Philosophers."

"Please tell me, uncle Russell," he urged.

"Two of the kine that Pharaoh dreamed of. That is all I know about them."

Nothing more of particular interest occurred till the middle of the next day, when we at last, in defiance of unfavorable winds, came to anchor two miles from the shore at Eastham. The water is too shallow to admit of a nearer approach of any thing larger than a row-boat or scow. We were all on deck, quite recovered from our illness, and gazing with hungry interest on the novel scene before us.

There were a great many vessels anchored near us. Crowds of people were landing from steamers, sloops, schooners, and fishing-smacks, as fast as myriads of skiffs, scows, and shallops could take them off.

It was a busy sight—a strange one to most of us, and a truly-aggravating one to all, wearied and tired of the sea as we were; for not a single boat came near us for a long time. We had felt of some consequence during our passage, and fancied we were making quite a display upon the waters; we had a pleasant sort of idea that we might be expected and welcomed; and here we were, in sight of the promised land, and no body knew or cared any thing about it. So we waited for hours, leaning over the guards and watching the rough sea, which threw in great, white waves toward the shore, as if it had a settled antipathy to camp meetings. We watched, too, the passengers from the other vessels, as they were lowered into frail-looking skiffs and rocked uncereemoniously about amid the spray. The gentlemen laughed and joked over every little mishap that we observed, but the ladies grew fidgety and nervous as the time wore on, and no one came to our relief or paid any attention to the signals of the captain.

Dr. Lester, a fine, good-natured looking man, who had been entertaining the gentlemen with an exhaustless flow of anecdote and fun, was at last moved by our disconsolate faces to attempt some diversion of our thoughts from the disagreeables around us.

"It is never pleasant to wait," he said, as he took a seat in our midst; "but you, ladies, will be enabled thereby to appreciate the torments of your husbands and brothers, when obliged to wait at home for the last curl or ribbon to be

adjusted. Did you ever think of the evil spirits you call up, the good tempers you spoil, and the unutterable vexation of being uselessly delayed when a man is in a hurry?"

The banished smiles came back to the lips of the ladies, accompanied with some rather sharp retorts not particularly flattering to the sterner sex, to which the Doctor listened with laughing attention. "Speaking of waiting," he resumed, "reminds me of the time I was attending lectures in New York. We were on our way from that city to Hartford, in a schooner about the size of this, when we got aground on the bar at Saybrook in the Connecticut River. We were as firmly fixed for the time as if we had been astride of the old Saybrook platform. The pilot had come on board, but almost simultaneously with his appearance a thick fog came over us. It was so very dense that a sloop passing had nearly run into us before we saw her. The captain was a little doubtful as to the possibility of working into the river in such circumstances; but the pilot, Captain John, as he was called, anticipated no difficulty. He knew every crook and turn in the channel, and could steer the vessel in with his eyes shut. The captain went aloft to ascertain if possible our course, but the fog was impenetrable.

"'Do n't you think, Captain John,' he hallooed; 'do n't you think we had better anchor till this fog clears up?'"

"Just then we struck heavily upon the bar, and were 'brought up,' as the boys say, 'all standing.'"

"'I think we had, captain,' responded the ready pilot, 'by all means.'"

"We were all day working off that sand-bar, and patience had—Look, ladies!" he exclaimed, interrupting himself; "there's a spunky little craft heading this way—a mere cockle shell." Sure enough, a little, teetering skiff bounded up to the side of our vessel, and a rough-looking man with a savage beard stood up in the middle of it and bawled lustily for passengers. We all shrunk back, unwilling to trust ourselves in that bit of a thimble which the man himself nearly filled.

"Ladies first," said the man politely. No one, however, ventured to embark with him except an old lady who was nearly eighty years old, and who, as she asserted, "had never been skeered in her born days." You will think, dear Maria, that I am a long time getting to the campground; but I must linger to describe this old lady. I shall never forget the droll appearance she made as the skiff bobbed up and down. She wore a scanty but brilliantly-colored Rob Roy cloak, which was drawn tightly around the

primmest little figure that you can imagine outside of "fairie land." Her large, black bonnet flapped in the breeze like a weak-jointed umbrella, and her little, pinched face was half hidden by a pair of enormous spectacles, with great, round, iron bows, like miniature cart-wheels. We found it impossible to avoid laughing as she held her head back and brought those glasses to bear upon us.

"Cleopatra in her barge of state," said the Doctor.

"Come, ladies," said the man—"come, if you want to go ashore. You will have no other chance till to-morrow."

Instead of obeying him we united our powers to coax Ma'am Howard to return to us; but she paid no manner of attention to our expostulations.

"Ma Howard, do come back. We aren't going ashore, and you will be alone. The tent isn't ready; the bedding and mattresses are not landed, and you will have no where to stay till we come; and you'll never reach the shore alive in that crazy thing."

Ma'am Howard looked as composed as the old rocks at Cohasset.

"If no one else will go," said the man crossly, "we'll be off."

"O, Ma Howard," we screamed again in chorus; "why *don't* you come back? Do you want to sleep on the sand? Had you rather be drowned than not? See the water in the bottom of the boat! It's filling just as fast as it can. Ma Howard, if you don't want to go to the bottom in ten minutes, do come back."

Ma Howard quietly took out her snuff-box and commenced tapping it preparatory to regaling herself with its contents. How the Doctor laughed! But other boats were now approaching, so we were obliged to commit the old lady to the care of Providence, and attend to our own comfort. I do not remember how we got down the side of the vessel into the boats, but I think we were yet a mile from the shore when we came to a full stop. We had arrived at the terminus of the boat line: the water was too shallow to admit of further progress.

What next? Why, all sorts of wheeled vehicles, open and covered, came crowding around us, hemming us in on every side. Then a furious quarrel began among the drivers, as to which should have us. Eight of these doubtful-looking chariots combated for our particular boat-load, each driver apparently trying to drive his beast into the center of the boat. We were bounded north, south, east, and west by horses. They put their great, long noses into the boat and parted us off like so many partitions. I began

to believe the nursery story which had staggered the credulity of my childhood, that "a horse's head is always as long as a flour barrel." I stood up in the boat and pounded with both fists upon the long, white phiz of the beast nearest me, while my companions, with canes and umbrellas, belabored the rest. When the point was at last decided and our party appropriated, we found it was not the least novel part of our experience to find ourselves at sea in a cart. The seafaring exploits of the three wise men of Gotham appeared to us more than ever worthy of credence. I have been so long getting to the camp meeting that I am afraid my account will seem like a very tiny house with a colossal portico; but I have arrived at last, and feel better for the sea voyage.

I wish I could give you an idea of the strange, exquisite feeling that thrills one's very heart when listening for the first time to the singing at a camp meeting. Thousands of voices hymning together the praises of the Eternal! The very ground seems to shake as the full volume of harmony rolls along. Not a dissonant chord in the sublime diapason. Old tunes, supposed to be worn out years ago, are revived, and we feel that we never before appreciated their excellence. Old Hundred, for example. I never heard it half expressed by a Church choir. It always seemed hard and incomplete—a skeleton of sound. But hear it sung at a camp meeting, and you will take in at once the grand idea of its composer. You will discover a depth and majesty in its full, swelling chords that you never dreamed of. You will be very apt to locate yourself, without effort, in the sweet land of Beulah, in sight of the Celestial City.

You have often observed the engraved picture of a camp-ground which hangs upon the wall in my sitting-room. It is a life-like representation, though it delineates many improvements of more modern date than the time of which I am writing. The wearisome etiquette of daily life we had left at home, and the fashion of our dress and general style of living succumbed for the time to the desire to be comfortable. We had individual aristocrats, of course, and one "exclusive" in our own tent, whose nose, besides being large enough for a natural sounding-board, turned up at all of us indiscriminately.

I can not yet convince myself that the sermons to which I have listened at camp meeting do not surpass in many respects, in unction and power, for instance, all other sermons that I have heard. The view of the vast multitude is inspiring. No just estimate can be formed of a preacher's talents from one of these camp meeting efforts. If there is any thing like eloquence in him it is

sure to be aroused. Then there is a fervency of spirit, a melting love and concern for the impenitent, which is seldom exhibited so prominently elsewhere.

There is a reason for this. Faithful and earnest Christians flock together from every point of the compass, and, kneeling together, pour forth their earnest prayers before the mercy-seat. With one heart and one mind they offer their supplications and thanksgivings. Their united faith claims the fulfillment of God's gracious promises. The "fervent, effectual prayer" prevails, and the coveted blessing descends.

In my day I have heard a great deal said in regard to the genuineness of camp meeting conversions; but whatever may be truthfully alleged against them, I have always observed that camp meeting converts are readily admitted into any evangelical Church to which they may offer themselves.

It was very pleasant to be awakened in the morning by songs of praise, and to feel, while offering my simple devotions, that thousands of ardent prayers were rising with mine to the ear of Infinite Mercy. It gave wings to my faith to know that, though strangers to me, the feelings and desires of so many hearts were in unison with my own.

It was my usual morning recreation to wander from one tent to another, catching a happy expression here, a bright look there, and from the general store of genial enjoyment to lay in my store of light-heartedness for the day. Then I would go and sit down by the rugged body of some ancient tree in the center of the ring of tents, and contemplate the picture as a whole. Spreading green foliage overshadowed the entire encampment; not so densely but that the sunlight peeped through innumerable openings, and traced its usual quaint and beautiful pictures upon the green turf and white tents that made up our little world below. At noon the nearly-vertical rays permeated even the little nooks in the tangled thickets, to which we retired for private devotion. But they stole in softly, silently, as if in holy sympathy with our orisons.

I have one most interesting recollection of that particular camp meeting. It is of a little girl the loveliest child I ever saw. She came with her grandfather, who was a clergyman. They called her Lily. I did not learn who she was, but the extreme elegance of her childish attire forbade the supposition that she belonged to the humbler walks of life. She was slight and delicate in her appearance, almost ethereally light and fragile in form; but the great theme of religion seemed to wholly occupy her thoughts, and the untiring enthusiasm of her spirit gave the

frail little body no time to rest. She seemed to forget herself entirely, and would go from one person to another, inquiring of each, in her sweet, winning way, if he loved the Lord Jesus.

The aged seemed to claim her especial regard. I can never forget how she wept one day, when an old man, whose head was silvered for the grave, expressed, in rough and passionate words, his unbelief in the existence of a God. It seemed as if her little heart would break. She put her round, white arms around his neck, and kissing his rough, furrowed cheek, entreated him to be reconciled to God.

The hoary sinner trembled before her; his eyes filled with unaccustomed tears, and he walked hurriedly away to conceal his emotion. The stout heart that had resisted eloquent arguments and persuasive appeals without number, melted at once beneath the gentle influence of the child. In the evening, led by her hand, he came forward to ask for the prayers of Christians in his behalf; and his remorseful anguish was fearful to behold as he cried aloud for mercy. I saw him many times afterward, and the humility and gentleness of his deportment was a theme of common remark. But he did not profess his faith in Jesus till the last night of the meeting. Then, in a few words, he related his experience. "I came here," he said, "like the proud Pharisee, thankful that I was not like other men. I can hardly tell what influence drew me hither—curiosity, I think, was the chief impulse. But the Holy Spirit found me, and, by God's grace, I was enabled to offer the petition of the publican; and, through infinite mercy, I expect to go down to my house justified."

What a happy, blessed meeting it was! How far away seemed the busy world, with its cares and labor, its sin and trouble! I am a quiet, old-fashioned body, and, in some few respects, find it hard to keep up with the changes and improvements of the present time; and nothing can now convince me that we did not get a richer baptism of the Spirit in those days of calico dresses and sun bonnets, which neither sun nor rain could spoil, than now, when it requires so many trunks and boxes to convey to the consecrated grove the "costly array" in which becomingly to worship our Maker.

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" I was forcibly reminded of this Scripture on the morning previous to our departure, as I took my accustomed seat by the trunk of the ancient oak. There were prayer meetings in nearly all of the tents; but I found it overtasked my strength to attend so many services, and I could not afford to lose any of the sermons. Shall I tell you, Maria, a little circum-

stance which took me so completely back to the work-a-day world, that I found it scarcely possible to regain the sweet elevation of mind that I had been enjoying?

Two men, who looked like farmers, coming briskly from different directions, met close by my seat, and recognized in each other old acquaintances. As was natural, they sat down together to make such inquiries and to hear such news as the unexpected meeting suggested. At first I paid no attention to their conversation, though it was evidently no privacy that was discussed by such full, hearty voices. I saw, too, that they were both aware of my presence near them, and quite indifferent to it. Old friends were inquired after and old times discussed, and at last I began to feel a real interest in the subjects presented.

"But I haven't yet asked after old uncle Luther or aunt Prissy. How are they?"

"Both well, though aunt Prissy was sick all Winter."

"Stingy as ever?"

"You shall judge for yourself. When the old lady was just getting 'round again—it was in May, I think—the doctor and all the old nurses declared that she would never be strong again without trying a more nourishing diet. Uncle Luther's face was so long on hearing this that my wife, fearing he would not bring himself to face the expense, sent over a fat pullet to be made into broth."

"The rich old miser took it, I suppose."

"Of course he did. But the fun of it was, he couldn't afford to kill it. It would be a waste to make broth of it all, he thought; and he fidgeted so over it that Polly—that is, my wife—wished she had kept the fowl at home. But she insisted on making the broth, so the old man reluctantly went out to chop its head off. In a minute or two she heard him calling, and hurried to the door to see what was the matter. Uncle Luther was at the chopping-block, with his ax raised above the neck of the devoted bird, only waiting to express a doubt which had just occurred to him. 'I suppose, Mrs. Spencer, I must kill the *whole* of it?' 'No matter about that,' replied Polly; 'just take off its head and I'll see to the rest of it.' But the best of it, according to my thinking, was what took place the next day."

The recollection seemed to amuse the narrator extremely, and I began to fear that I should lose the rest of the story, he laughed so long over what was to be told, and his friend laughed so heartily over what he had heard. At last he went on.

"I doubt if it will strike you as queerly as it

did me at the time; but when uncle Luther hailed me the next day as I was going by with my load of garden produce for the Boston market, and begged me to take the half chicken which he held up in his shaking hand, and sell it for him in the city, I thought I should have laughed and screamed myself to death. I actually had to sit down by the roadside to recover my breath. He had such a comically-anxious look." Again the two men laughed uproariously.

"Did you take it?" was asked roguishly.

"I think I see myself going up and down Boston market peddling half a hen. No, sir, I did not take it, but I offered to buy the hind quarter."

The friends indulged in a fresh burst of laughter; but the congregation beginning to assemble, they withdrew to a more secluded spot to finish their conversation. You will not be surprised if I own that the mirth in which I had perforce joined had not fitted me to appreciate the morning sermon. At noon, on the same day, I was standing near the tent for colored people, listening to their singing, when I saw a young preacher passing daintily by, swinging a little, tasseled cane as he walked. A bright-looking colored woman stood in the door observing him. "High!" she exclaimed. "Fine as a fiddle in these days! Couldn't bend his little neck no how to look at his old friends."

"Who you talking to, Jule?" asked some one behind her.

"Nobody. But there goes little Larkins, who, when he first began to preach, used to come and practice among the niggers. Look at him now. An't he *some*?"

"Just. But come in and sing. Let him go. He's no account any way."

In the evening, just after sunset, I was sitting before our own tent, talking with Grace and young brother Morton—whose wife she became the next Spring—when the young man who had learned how to preach among our colored friends passed me again. "Do you know that man?" I asked quickly.

"Do you know him?"

"No. But, Mr. Morton, you do not answer my question by, Yankee like, asking another."

"Very true. If Grace does not object I can give you an idea of the man."

Grace didn't object, and he continued: "I was once engaged to go with him to supply, for a single Sabbath, the Methodist pulpit in Rivington. You both know brother Mason, and his enviable reputation as a preacher. He was stationed there, but was absent on a short visit to his friends. We were each to preach one sermon, and thus make up in variety what we

might lack in ability. On our way there brother Larkins asked which part of the day I would preach. 'I have no preference,' I replied; 'suit yourself.'

"Well, if it will make no difference to you, I think I had better speak in the afternoon. There are many here who are desirous to hear *me*, and they will be more likely to be present then.' 'Very well,' said I, 'do not disappoint them. Preach in the afternoon by all means.'

"Of his sermon I have nothing to say. But after the service, as we were riding homeward, he broke forth, after a long silence, on this wise: 'I was very much dissatisfied this afternoon with the size of the congregation. In such a village, too!' 'Why, brother,' I returned, quite surprised, 'I thought we had a fine, large audience.' 'Possible? It was superior to the morning one, I will own; but if I were their regular pastor I would have every seat in the church filled in a month—crowded, sir!' 'How would you accomplish it? If I were their pastor, I think the number of empty pews would increase so rapidly as to discourage me altogether. But perhaps you depend on faithful pastoral visitation.' 'No; nothing of that.' 'Or you would infuse new life into the class and prayer meetings,' I suggested. 'I thought you would understand at once,' he remarked impatiently, 'that I should depend entirely on my preaching. Can you doubt the result?' he added pompously. I was a little nettled by his important manners, and told him that I apprehended the result would be that he would have the conceit taken out of him. He was so angry at what he called my envious jealousy that he has never spoken to me since. Indeed, I have been told that the refusal of our Conference to admit him as a member is attributed by him to my secret influence, and is supposed to grow out of my fear of coming into competition with his talents."

I fear I have given you but a meager description of the camp meeting; but in its general character it was not unlike those you have attended in the West. Our voyage home was delightful. A full moon shone upon the waters, which, as if to retrieve their lost reputation, were as calm and unruffled as the sky above. After going on board we waited to observe the general embarkation of the multitude. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and likely to be no more repeated, now that the old, favorite camp-ground is superseded by others of easier access. From every boat we heard the sweet songs of Zion that had fallen so pleasantly upon our ears during the week. Loving adieus were again interchanged on all sides, and the happy voyagers parted to meet no more till the great reunion

above. Other incidents, interesting to me, crowd into my memory as I lay down my pen, many of them not worth recounting to another, but helping to complete in my mind a record of the departed, olden times.

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT.

BY DON LLOYD WYMAN.

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?"

ADRIAN'S APOSTROPHE.

How well the dead sleeps! Nevermore
Shall any breath of violets
Or blast of Winter wake regrets
In his cold bosom; for he lies
With turf between him and the skies:
The burdens he had borne before
He cast by at the silent door,
And entered into—light, or gloom?
Ah! none may know; for from the tomb
The door that leadeth lacketh key
To any but God's chosen. O!
Where go the fleeting spirits which,
Lamian and elusive, slip
The baffled clutch of death, and leave
Dull clods behind them? In the rich,
Wild regions of the unknown sky
The pleasant pastures be, we know,
Cloven by silver rivulets;
But the path thither none may know!
And somewhere—where, God doth not tell—
Under the heaven lies dreadful hell;
But the way *thither* none may know!
And so, he lies on his still bed,
Where God's sweet watchers never cease
Resurget, graven at his head,
And at his feet—*He sleeps in peace.*

"KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD."

BY MRS. SOPHIA T. GRISWOLD.

KEPT by the power of God,
From the subtle snares of ill;
Kept by the scepter, the cross, the rod,
To do his holy will:
By the everlasting Arms,
By the spirits of the blest,
Kept in the furnace, from mortal harms,
As John, on the Savior's breast.
Kept by the power of God,
When the tempest clouds are riven,
When mourners bow o'er the billowy sod,
And the wail floats up to Heaven.
Strength, for their time of grief,
Have they, to the Cross who flee;
Yielding the bud, or the ripened sheaf,
"As their day, their strength shall be."

ANNA ANTON'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

THE wonted calm of our boarding-school life was broken by the intelligence that for a certainty all our teachers were going to Mrs. K.'s party that night. Yes, every one of them, even Miss T. the under-teacher, whose salary was so light, and, as is generally the case, whose duties were the most heavy of any one in the establishment. She, poor thing, often staid away from parties because she had no dresses save those which her pupils had pronounced "shabby" long ago. But on this occasion the wealthy Addie Briggs had insured her going by privately begging her to accept of one of the pretty new dresses her mother had just sent her, and which by trial was found to fit her nicely. Julia Strong had asked the privilege of presenting her with a collar, while I had slipped a pair of gloves into her hand. The gentle teacher was quite overcome by these tokens of "regard," and went about her duties with a lighter step than usual, and a warm glow at her heart kindled by the belief that her pupils really loved her—really appreciated her efforts to do them good; but never dreaming, happily for her, no never for an instant suspecting that the seeming kindness sprang from a feverish desire to be rid of all our guardians—our "spies," as we in our naughtiness too often termed them—for that one night.

They would be dressed and ready to leave the house by eight o'clock, and *expected* to return home at eleven, for they always kept early hours; but Belle K., our stanch friend, was to manage it so that her mother's guests would not be called out to supper till half-past eleven. In that case our teachers could not be at home before half-past twelve, we might count with certainty upon that, and thus four precious hours were secure to us. O joy! joy! joy! We who had been denied the privilege of attending the party with our elders were to have a grand sleighing party with only our beaux.

Word had been brought us to that effect by one of those most curious telegraph wires which have been in use ever since pretty girls were immured in those horrid prisons called "boarding-schools." It would be strange indeed if no such important method of communication had been discovered when so many boys, leaving their problems in Euclid unsolved, have stroked their darling mustaches in pensive mood, and even racked those precious brains of theirs—which they have so carefully guarded against hard study—in trying to devise the ways and

means of eluding the vigilance of "keepers," and bringing out those innocent girls from their "prison-houses" to—"to disgrace and ruin, put in that," said an old lady who looked over my shoulder. O no, Mrs. A., not intentionally to that; they are not so bad as that; they only wish to bring them out for a little recreation—a little sport, entertaining enough at the time of its perpetration, but too often leaving bitter repentance in place of pleasant memories.

But it was all excitement and exhilaration with us then. The sleighing was fine, and there was sure to be a moon. Fred Lee, Arthur Ford, and a few others of our professed admirers, had engaged such beautiful fast horses and a most commodious sleigh, and had arranged every thing for us. As the street-door closed upon our teachers we were to run down through the yard to the back-gate, where they would be waiting for us. Then they were to drive us out to "the Eight-Mile House," where they had ordered hot coffee and oysters to be in readiness. We could make the trip in less than an hour, spend two hours there in feasting and social converse, and still have abundant time to return, place ourselves in bed and feign to be asleep before our teachers' ring should be heard by the sleepy old servant in the basement kitchen. Such an opportunity might never occur again, and such a night when so much pleasure was to be crowded into a few hours, it was worth while to force down some scruples of conscience about rules and ingratitude to teachers in order to enjoy it! So the most eloquent of us pleaded to those who were thought to have scruples upon the subject, and some of the very best girls had consented to the project, while others, less strict, hailed it with joy. But just as we fancied we were sure of all, a most unlooked-for opposer appeared in the person of Mary St. John. She was not one of "the good ones," we all knew; she had even less love for her teachers than many others; but she was too proud ever to ridicule them, or to speak of them by names which we thought more expressive of character than those which their parents had given them. So long as they were her teachers she would not degrade herself by speaking lightly of them. And now she stood among us, her form drawn up to its fullest height, and with flashing eye and flushed cheek said, "I would have a little too much pride to go sneaking out of the backdoor and the back-gate, like a thief or a beggar, to get into any body's sleigh. Besides, if we break the rules of the school we disgrace ourselves as well as the institution, and I am too proud to do that willingly." In vain we urged that our rules were arbitrary, our

teachers harsh, inconsistent, etc. She only answered, "All that may be true; I do not dispute it, and that might justify us in leaving the school, but not in violating its rules and deceiving the teachers. So long as my name is enrolled as a member here, my own self-respect shall lead me to conform to its regulations and seek to uphold them to others. When they become so strict that I can no longer comply with them I shall go home; but never will I disgrace myself and my family by setting them at naught," and she turned toward her own room. The effect was electrical. An angel might have preached to us of the deference, the love, and the gratitude we owed to our instructresses, and some of us would have listened unmoved; but disgrace, dishonor to ourselves and our families, that touched us to the quick, and one and another walked away saying, "Do n't let us go!"

One girl said, "I remember now mother telling me before I left home that I could not break the rules of the school without disgracing myself and making them all unhappy at home." And more than she seemed to recollect something "mother" had told them, and retired from the scene of temptation. Four of us were left, Addie Briggs, Minnie Barns, Julia Strong, and myself. The boys were waiting at the back of the house, and had repeated over and over again the signal agreed upon

"What shall we do?" I said. "The boys will be so vexed if we do n't go."

"Yes," said Julia, "and it would be a shame to break our engagement after they have taken so much trouble."

"I think it would be quite as mean as to break the rules," said Addie.

"Well, let us go and tell them, at any rate, and not keep them waiting all night in the cold;" and we went out, I, for one, sincerely anxious to be released from the engagement. But they made light of our scruples, and laughed so heartily at the idea of its being a disgrace to evade the rules of strict teachers, that it did not look to us so very bad after all. Then they spoke of their own disappointment, and implored us not to break their hearts by refusing to go with them. How attractive they made the ride appear to us! Addie and Julia, who had their cloaks on, sprang into the sleigh, saying, "Well, we will take a little ride, at all events, and no one can be very angry with us for that; do run, girls, and get your wrappings, but mind you are back in a twinkling!"

"You will return, Anna?" said Arthur Ford in a low tone to me, taking my hand in his earnestness. "Promise me that you will go with me; you can not know how wretched you

will make me if you refuse," and then he bent still closer and whispered something else which set my heart to beating wildly. I promised, silly girl that I was, and followed Minnie to the house. We secured our wrappings and were slipping out again when Mary St. John encountered me. "Do not go," she said, taking the hand Arthur had just held. The thought shot through my mind that a good and a bad angel were invisibly contending for me, but I recollected Arthur's peculiar tenderness of manner and those whispered words, and I broke from her saying, "I must, for I have promised." But I was not happy, for I knew that I was doing wrong. I do n't believe the other girls were one whit happier than myself; but for all that we laughed, and talked, and sung, and any one who passed us as we glided along over the smooth snow would have said we were "a merry party." The "Eight-Mile House" was reached before we dreamed of being half-way there, and as we entered we were surprised to see quite a company assembled and only waiting our coming in order to commence dancing. That large fireplace piled with logs of wood, which crackled and sent their pleasant light and warmth into every corner of the old-fashioned parlor, the blind fiddler with his mug of beer beside him, the group of merry girls and most attentive young gentlemen, formed a charming tableau, while the supper-table in an adjoining room gave tokens of good cheer, which every boarding-school girl is able to appreciate.

Our feet were soon tripping to the merry music, but not till we had exhorted our beaux to be sure and remember that we had only two hours to stay. But, O, how swiftly those two hours sped away! The enjoyment was just at its height and we found it impossible to induce the boys to leave. The clock struck twelve, and there was no longer any pleasure for me in that gay company. One o'clock came and my anxiety arose to agony. The other girls urged as eloquently as myself, but we spoke to deaf ears. We did not know then that wine had been circulating freely among them, though we thought they acted strangely. The plump, rosy landlady came in and asked the cause of our troubled fears. We told her how we had trusted to their promise to take us home in two hours, and that now we should be in disgrace and trouble.

"Poor children!" she said kindly, "I pity you; but if you had lived as long as I have done, you would know that you could not *trust yourselves* with those who wished you to deceive your teachers and break the rules of the school, and that no one who loved you would try to lead you into disobedience."

The vail had fallen from my eyes then. I felt the truth of what the good woman said, and wondered at my own folly and blindness in having thus suffered myself to be led astray.

As I stood there in my cloak and hood trembling and weeping, how many good resolutions I made for the future! Meanwhile our hostess went to the boys and gave them "a good plain talking to," and then almost commanded them to take us home at once. Glad enough were we to start, but it was then nearly two o'clock. Our teachers must have been at home more than an hour; without doubt they had missed us from our beds, and what excuse could we offer for such strange absence? "We shall be sent home in disgrace," sobbed Julia. One thought weighed me down with unutterable anguish; it was, "What will mother say?"

The boys laughed at our troubles in a way that we thought most heartless. I felt that all Arthur's tender, earnest manner had been only assumed; but I did not blame him half as much as I did myself for having been flattered into becoming his dupe.

One of the boys said, "That old woman ordered us to take you home as quickly as possible, and you shall see how well we will obey her!" seizing the reins as he spoke and putting the horses to their utmost speed. What a mad, dashing ride was that! At first I enjoyed the excitement of it as a relief from torturing thoughts, but we soon became conscious that we were in danger. Our escorts had given their senses in exchange for wine; but it was vain to remonstrate—on we dashed. We were coming to a dangerous place in the road, where many fearful accidents had occurred. We knew that if the horses swerved ever so little from the road our sleigh would be dashed over the side of a precipice. Calling to mind again Arthur's seeming tenderness for me when we started, I entreated him now to use his influence in checking the speed of the horses, but he only laughed at our fears and called to the driver to "put them through," and I could only bewail in silence and bitterness my own folly in having flattered myself he loved me, because in the excitement of the moment he had uttered a few foolish words. That landlady was right, I said, in telling us we could not trust those who would lead us into acts of disobedience, and again I thought of mother. We had often called our school "a prison," but to have been safe under its protecting roof then would have seemed paradise. A moment more and I experienced a violent blow on the head. When I could open my eyes I found that the worst had happened; our drunken escort had driven us over the precipice!

He was sober *then*, and so were the others; but that fit of intoxication had cost the life of one of my schoolmates. We were all crying over our bruises except Julia Strong, who was silenced forever. Her beautiful head had struck against a sharp stone, and thus her bright but brief career was ended.

"O boys, this is terrible; may God forgive us for what we have done to-night!" groaned Arthur, when all our efforts to restore her proved vain.

For a while we sat upon the ground weeping in utter despair, and then we roused ourselves and began to make arrangements for getting home. Our sleigh was too much injured to be used again, but from a farmer who lived near we borrowed another and went on. O, the anguish that was crowded into those moments! How strangely we remembered how we had said that we meant to realize half a lifetime of enjoyment in that one night!

We reached the school. All was darkness there. We had not been missed; but O, how impossible now to conceal what we had done, when our disobedience had brought such a fearful result!

"Let us in with the remains of Julia Strong; we have killed her by our mad folly!" was the bitter cry in answer to the question of, "What's wanted there?" Then lights were struck in the various rooms, and a group of trembling teachers soon appeared at the hall-door. Arthur stepped forward to meet them; in a few words told what we had done and what had happened, and, as we afterward heard, generously throwing all the blame of our going upon himself, pleading that he had overpersuaded us against our better impulses.

I can not describe the distress of our teachers, nor the frantic grief of Mrs. Strong when she was summoned to look upon what had so lately been her child. And may none of my young readers ever know the tortures of conscience which we, the participants in that act of deception, had to endure. That season would be altogether too fearful to recall without endangering my reason, were it not that God, in his infinite mercy, brought to us a blessing even out of the depths of that misery. The Holy Spirit came to convince us that if Memory possessed such terribly-torturing power in this life, we could not endure her reproaches in that eternal world, where she is compared to that worm which gnaws unceasingly, and that fire which is never quenched. Then amid the unspeakable anguish and burden of our sins we heard our precious Savior's voice saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." And O, how glad

we were to lay our bleeding hearts at his feet, and to trust ourselves in his loving hands!

Is any school-girl who reads this tempted, by one who she fancies has a peculiar regard for her, to set at naught the rules of her teachers and to elude their vigilance, let her reflect upon my fearful sufferings; and let her recall, too, the words of that honest-hearted landlady, never to trust ourselves with those who wish us to deceive our teachers, and that no one who truly loved us would try to lead us into acts of disobedience.

FIRST DEATH IN THE REGIMENT.

BY REV. C. D. PILLSBURY.

NEARLY two months of soldiers' life had passed since our regiment left the State and came forth to do battle for our noble country. The enemy had constantly fallen back as the division pressed down upon them; and the ground we then held was in the hands of armed, disciplined traitors when the boys bade adieu to their friends and homes. Sickiness had lain her hand but lightly upon us, permitting the few now and then upon the "sick list" soon to retake their places in the ranks. The strong muscles of the ruddy farmer had become adjusted to the sword and the musket; the delicate countenance of the clerk and salesman had put on the bronze hue of the sturdy soldier; and all were just ready to anticipate only victories over both disease and arms.

"Miles" had reposed a few days upon a rude bunk in a log-cabin just by, over which waved the hospital flag. The fever was upon his cheek, coursing along his veins, and sporting with his brain. First upon one side and then upon the other he sought rest, only to sigh for a softer pillow and an easier couch. Of home, and friends, and fireside far away he spoke as though in their midst and under their soothing influence.

It was Sunday. Company inspection was over, dress-parade had passed, religious services were ended, and shades of evening hung over hospital, camp, and town. Beside the sick soldier's cot stood captain, chaplain, and a group of noble, sympathizing comrades. The flush of fever sat upon the sick man's cheek, and broken, incoherent sentences fell from the sufferer's lips. Silently the group looked upon the struggle, but anxious countenances whispered thoughts of the soldier's dying pillow and of the soldier's grave. But our ranks had not been broken, and could it be that "Miles" had been selected as the first "shining mark?" "No," said his captain,

"Miles will not die!" But that was the verdict of friendship and desire. The blessing of his father's God was invoked upon the fever-tossed boy, and captain, chaplain, and comrades sought shelter within the cotton walls of their temporary homes.

Monday morning came. Reveille had sounded, breakfast-call was passed, and companies were formed for drill. The chaplain, just from the hospital, approaches and speaks a few words softly in the ear of Captain G. The Captain turns around saying, in a subdued tone and with a tremulous voice, "It becomes my painful duty to inform you that Miles is dead! You know he was a good boy and a noble soldier. The company is dismissed." Sadly the boys returned to their tents and stacked their arms, to think and speak only of the worthy spirit and noble deeds of "Miles." "Miles" would no more respond to his name at roll-call, no longer follow his file leader in drill, never again take his place, neat and trim, on dress-parade. "Miles" had gone. He would be missed at his mess—he would be wept at his home.

"Shall we bury him where no tear of affection shall ever fall upon his grave?" asked one companion of another. The thought was too chilling for boys, fresh from their homes; and "he shall rest in the old prairie cemetery," they responded with no dissenting voice. Though purses were light and the paymaster was far away, the necessary amount was soon raised, the metallic case purchased, and arrangements completed to deliver the once noble form into the hands of loved ones at home.

He died in the morning. It is now but noon. The depot is three miles away. The hearse is in readiness. The bearers are here. The band is in position. The company is in line. Officers—field, staff, and line—stand side by side. "Miles," who has fought his last battle and conquered his last foe, lies before us, an offering to freedom, our country, and our God. The service is not a mere form. All feel that we are here to pay our last tribute to merit which has left us, and to bow in submission to Him who reigns over us. In minor strains stern soldiers chant a farewell over the fallen. Light is sought from the Holy Book, the blessing of Heaven invoked, and a few words adapted to the time, place, and circumstances addressed to the living. The band strikes the thrilling notes of a "funeral dirge," and the column moves on, on, on, with slow and measured steps, to bid adieu to the noble and the brave, as silently he leaves for yon sorrow-stricken home.

The last service is rendered, and all that is mortal of "Miles" is carefully placed in the

car. The engine whistles and the train moves away. Sadly we turn from the spot, casting our eyes, now and then, toward the "homeward-bound" train, with mingling emotions of hope and fear, as we think of our own terms of service and of our own distant homes. Slowly the column marches back to camp, reflecting upon the breach which death has made in our ranks.

What a mystery is man! How strange the changes which come over him! That first funeral stamped its image too deeply upon our souls to be erased, and there still it remains fresh in the minds of all. But nine months have passed since "Miles" lay before us. But Captain G. has been discharged from the service of earth; and not far from one hundred and forty comrades, then sound in health and buoyant with hope, we have consigned to soldiers' graves, or returned, pale in death, to their craped-clad homes! And now the pale cheek, the coffin, the escort, and the "three volleys" awaken but little more interest and excite but little more attention than roll-call, reveille, or tattoo.

VERY HARD.

BY SHEELAH.

"IT is very, very hard to believe that *this* is for good. I don't wonder so many *can't* believe."

So said Bessy Giles, amid sobs of anguish, the day she heard her father was slain on the battlefield. Almost the first thought that suggested itself to her, after the terrible intelligence which prostrated her mother and herself, was the inspired assertion, "All things work together for good to them that love God;" but her agonized spirit could not receive it, and she exclaimed as above.

The words had scarcely passed her lips when a hand was gently laid on her bowed head, and a voice softly and slowly uttered:

"Thus saith the Lord that created thee: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'"

The child's sobs had ceased as the well-known voice fell upon her ear: now she raised her head, and nestling it against the arm which was ready to receive it, exclaimed, with a gush of quiet tears:

"O, thank you for coming!"

Miss Norton drew a soft handkerchief from her pocket, and wiping the eyes and face, which were rough and inflamed by the friction of a coarse apron, kissed the child tenderly.

"God is with you, Bessy," she whispered, "in this sorrow; he said he would be, you know, and, of course, he is. O that you could feel his presence!"

"I feel *your* presence," was the quick reply.

"But *He* sent *me*," rejoined the lady. "He sent me to say to you that 'he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men,' and that this severe dispensation was necessary to the gracious designs of his providence, or he would not have suffered it to come upon you."

"But my poor father?" queried the child.

"Yes, even for him, what has happened was, doubtless, wisest and best. It is very hard to believe just now, dear," she added, again applying the handkerchief to the eyes from which a fresh gust of tears burst, and again pressing a kiss upon the damp cheek. "Our faith is sometimes weak—never weaker than when tried; and yours is now dimmed with anguish; but you have a duty to perform, Bessy; you have your poor mother to console, and you must do it, tenderly and prayerfully; and while you restrain your tears and try to comfort her, God will comfort your own soul by strengthening your trust in his merciful dealings. Come, now, with me to your mother."

The new-made widow was alone in her little bedroom; the two apartments were the whole domicile of the little family. When first the dreadful tidings reached New York of defeat and slaughter to our troops in Virginia, she only asked one question—"What regiments were in the engagement?" and when she heard that *his* was there—whose bravery she knew—she felt that she should never see him again. The neighbors tried to inspire her with hope; but she recoiled from them, and walked about like one distracted till the news came which confirmed her fears. Peter Giles was among the killed; he fell with his face to the foe, after his strong, right hand had done serious damage to their ranks; and now he lay, uncoffined, beneath the sod saturated with his blood.

All this, in one moment, passed before the fond wife's mental eye; and with a shriek—a loud, heart-rending shriek—she rushed into her room and shut the door. The neighbors, many of whom had soldiers of their own, dead or in peril, did not disturb the mourners; and so Bessy was weeping and murmuring alone when Miss Norton entered.

"Mrs. Giles, look up;" and the lady's hand was around the neck of the bereaved.

Mrs. Giles did look up; but her eye was wild, though her words were calm, as she said, in hoarse tones:

"I knew you'd come. I knew, as soon as

you'd hear the news you'd come; but you can do no good now. He has got a sudden and cruel death, without a kind hand near him or the clergy by his side, and was buried like a dog, with no coffin but his blood around him."

The woman had become excited as she spoke; and now she sprung to her feet, and with clasped hands, and face pale as marble, demanded:

"What do you say to that?"

Miss Norton quietly seated herself, and drawing Bessy, who was now weeping bitterly, down beside her, gently said:

"I came to see you, Mrs. Giles, and to express my sincere sympathy with you. I feel deeply poor Peter's fate, and, were it in my power to have chosen, it would have been far different; but what God has done I do not dare to question—I humbly bow to his sovereign will."

The calm sadness of the lady's tone communicated itself to the distracted widow, who sunk into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, murmured:

"Yes, I know you're very good; but I—my head's not right somehow."

Miss Norton now whispered to Bessy, and the child, running to her mother, clasped her round the neck, exclaiming, her voice broken with sobs,

"Kiss me, mamma, and try to believe in God's goodness still."

The poor woman started, looked at her child, then folded her tightly to her bosom and burst into a passionate fit of crying.

Peter Giles and his wife were Catholics; but had not been particular in their attendance at church. Their little daughter knew nothing of religion till a couple of young neighbors took her with them to Sunday school; there Miss Norton got acquainted with her, and, through her, took an interest in her parents.

Bessy's heart opened readily to receive the truth, and she delighted to tell at home of the good things she learned at Sunday school.

She often read aloud from her little Testament; and her father, whose darling she was, always listened with attention. Who knows but some word from those innocent lips reached the strong man's heart, and gave him hope and consolation when gasping in death?

It was, as we heard Bessy say at the beginning, "very hard to believe" that the present misfortune was "for good;" but she knew that she *ought* to believe it, and, following Miss Norton's counsel, she determined to try. Her efforts to comfort her mother she soon found of some avail; for Mrs. Giles, while she bemoaned her husband, returned thanks that her child was spared to her, and thus the poignancy of her distress was alleviated.

Miss Norton, before she left, prayed with the widow and orphan, when a soothing influence descended upon their bruised hearts; and her own soul was gladdened that those who were suffering under the hand of God were comforted by his Holy Spirit.

Since then Bessy has not found it so "very hard to believe" that that terrible stroke was "for good;" for it has been the means of bringing her mother to a serious view of eternal things, and of implanting in her own heart the grace of submission to Divine will.

ASHES OF ROSES.

BY ELIHU MASON MORSE.

THE white stars come out of their blue and shining tents in the heavens,
And banners of glorious armies stream in the regions celestial.

On the shore of the river of ages I gather the sands of existence,
Dreaming, dreaming forever, of a dear and romantic old village—

Sweet EROS, that hath its beginning away in the northern heavens,
And endeth its southern beauty in watery billows of silver.

It was only a year ago—a year, and a day, and a moment,
I gathered the buds of the roses, delicious and tender moss roses,

And bound a delicate wreath on a brow that was born of fair lilies,
And throned one bud on a bosom as white as the hills of the Winter,

And twisted the bright-green leaves in the curly home of the sunshine,
And kissed two tenderest eyes, as blue as the seas of the heavens.

By the ancient waters enchanted I know a grotto of marble,
White and beautiful, lighted by one sweet star of remembrance.

By the ancient waters enchanted, one gorgeous night in September,
A rose blossomed white in the moonlight and floated away in its glory.

And now when the silver fire falleth from starry cups of the angels,
I watch in my grotto of marble the blooming of memory's roses.

In the drear realm of sorrow forever I dream of the lost among roses,
Away in my beautiful grotto, away on the shores of enchantment.

EARTH-STARS.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

"I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist."

Ye glimmering stars, that twinkling start
Out from our world below,
How ye thrill upon the human heart
With a sympathetic glow!
How we leave the stars that walk above
Through their never-ending spheres,
To nestle down with our hearts of love
On this low vale of tears!

Like to some glorious work of art
I gaze on thee, bright star;
For I can not clasp thee to my heart,
But must worship from afar;
And I can not know if one answering beat
From that far breast of thine
E'er brought my spirit a message sweet,
Or longed for one from mine.

But the lights from the windows streaming now
Stir up the fount of thought;
And the rays that glimmer across my brow
With many a dream are fraught;
And the hopes and loves of the human soul
Like billows o'er me sweep,
Till my heart's wild fancies spurn control,
And I care not now to sleep.

Here is Earth's favorite in his home
Of music, and joy, and love,
While genial spirits around him come,
And he sees no cloud above;
And yonder—a widow, bending low,
With salt-drops in her eyes,
Her joys, all fled from a world of woe,
Her hopes, all in the skies.

And there a "hundred lights" gleam forth
From a mansion 'mid the trees,
And the fair bride deems that heaven means earth,
For never a shadow she sees
From the death-light, streaming across the way
From that lonely, lonely room,
Where the badge on the door but yesterday
Told me that all was gloom.

O, sorrow and joy! like waves ye flow
Across this bright, green earth;
And we never can know what a cloud of woe
May follow a gleam of mirth.

Ye are sunlight and shadow to our land;
Ye are Spring flowers upon graves,
And like brothers ye wander, hand in hand,
Where freemen dwell with slaves!

Yet the strong, strong current of human love
Flows under every stream,
That bears us on to the stars above—
That bids us hope and dream.

'T is the moving eddy to wealth and fame,
'T is the rising-tide of power;
'T is the only thing that is worth a name—
Earth's one immortal flower!

And from yonder flickering window light
I see it streaming now;
It twines a glory around the night;
It gems her ebon brow:
Its perfumed breath in the bridal wreath
With every flower is wove,
And it calleth forth from the bed of death
To a land all light and love!

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY LUELEA CLARK.

"Died, April 2, 1863, at Falmouth, Va., aged twenty-nine."

HERE he lies—his grave is green—
All that loving hands can do,
Is to tend the flowers between
These two stones—alas, for you!

You who lay this wreath of white
Every evening in the dew,
Thinking, "Could he wake to-night,
He would find it blossoming new;"

You who read this name and date
Daily through slow-dropping tears,
Never knowing well till late
All the beauty of the years,

Ere this grave with grass was grown—
How love's sunshine gilds them now!—
Lying just beyond this stone
Pressing heavy on his brow—

"April second"—so the spade
Broke the turf of violets through—
Hallowed be the grave they made
In the Summer's earliest dew,

"Aged twenty-nine"—think not
Here his life, so brief, can cease—
He who for his country fought
Lives in all her future peace.

Not beneath this violet bed
Sleeps the spirit brave and true;
But where valiant hosts are led
To the deeds that heroes do

Waiteth still his faithful soul.
Where bold warriors battle well,
Where the sounds of victory roll,
Still he lives, who fought and fell.

O ye brave ones, warring yet
For the blessed Stripes and Stars,
With the dew of valor wet,
Sealed to honor by your scars,

Let the hosts departed see,
And in courts of angels say
How, by deeds of daring, ye
Prove your right to win to-day!

GOLD is a worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than any mortal drug. SHAKESPEARE.

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

NIGHT THE ELEVENTH.

IT is now morning. The wind has lulled away to a gentle breeze. It is not cold, nor even cool for the season, but bracing and agreeable. The sun is a long time in getting up, but we are all out, before his time of rising, to look upon the rocky banks of the smooth river that takes us from the Cattegat to the commercial metropolis of Sweden. We seem to be familiar with the rocks we see on either side of us. Dark, broken, and somber in the early twilight, they tower upward on the approaching banks, and seem like old acquaintances; and as the day opens, the river with the sunlight upon it, and the rocks with their tops tipped with brightness, and the sky with its clouds faced with purple and edged with a lighter redness, and the gray old mountains to the right and left, with their dark brown sides presented toward us, and their summits burning in the morning sunbeams, and then the aspect of the distant city, built up in columns and blocks of massive whiteness, and cut into squares by canals of crystal water now sparkling with this general radiance, gave us a splendid introduction to a country in which we expected to make a residence. It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the tenth day of November, that our faithful little vessel suffered itself to be lashed to the stone capstans of the longest of the many massive and beautifully-constructed piers of the old city of Gottenburg, giving its cribbed and cabined occupants the opportunity of setting their feet once more on the solid earth, and of enjoying life by looking over an ancient town, memorable in the history of by-gone ages.

II. The first of all things, however, is to find our way to a hotel, where we may get a breakfast. We may break our long fast on ship-board, but we can relish nothing in a place where we have been so miserable by seasickness; and we are told of a very fine hotel near that part of the city where we are to take the train for the capital of Sweden. But how shall we get to the hotel in question, or to any other? We have a wagon-load of luggage, and yet we see no wagons, nor drays, nor any other vehicles drawn by horses. We see only hand-barrows, consisting of two parallel bars of wood fastened together by beams running from bar to bar, and each bar terminating in a handle. They are, indeed, litters for the carrying of trunks and boxes; and on these our baggage is to be carried a good English mile, while we have no alternative to walking. Nor do we desire to ride. We have rode

on the waves, and folded ourselves up in our berths, till it is a luxury to get upon our feet again, and find that we can use them. On our way to the hotel we call upon a descendant of one of the old money-changers of Jerusalem, and give him our American and British gold, now no longer of any use to us, and take for it Swedish paper. It seems like selling a reality for moonshine; and the more so because we had bought the gold, at a great loss, with paper a thousand times better looking than that we are now receiving; but there is nothing else to be done. Neither British nor American gold is current in this country; for the people do not understand its value. They can not reckon in it, and so will not take it. Having paid twenty-two and a half per centum premium for our gold, we now sell it at a loss of nine per centum, and leave the old Israelite for our hotel with our pocket-books crammed to bursting with coarse and huge, square leaves of Swedish paper. We have more dollars, however, after all our loss by discount, than we had at the time of our leaving home; for the Swedish dollar is only twenty-six and a half of our Yankee cents. The bills run from one dollar, or one rix, as they call their dollar, to five, ten, a hundred, five hundred, and I know not how much higher; and their size, in superficial extent, is in some proportion to their value. A paper rix is about two-thirds as large as an American bank-note. A ten rix is about twice the size of a rix, and so upward, till you begin to get what look like handbills, or small newspapers, in the style of money. But money you must have; nor is there any quarreling with a people's taste; and if they will take such stuff as we have now packed away into all our pockets, and stuffed into our satchels, and give us what we need to eat and drink, we will certainly make no complaints against them. We will set them down as a very patient and accommodating population.

III. Travelers, if they wish to profit by their perambulations, have no time to rest. Finding that we must remain in this old city till another morning, I had no sooner taken a good and substantial meal, than I started off, with my son, to see the town. We found it, to us at least, full of interest. The location of it is exceedingly agreeable to the eye of a stranger. Beginning on a low plain, once a wet marsh, doubtless, it spreads from both banks of the intersecting river, and runs far up and over the lofty highlands by which the flat is every-where surrounded; and the streets, rising regularly one above another, after they reach the base of the upland, constitute a beautiful border of private residences to the lower and trafficking portion of the town.

The river brings the smaller shipping directly through the city; and from this thoroughfare numerous canals are cut, which intersect the place into squares, and constitute roads for business and for general locomotion.

Before seeing such a town as this, I used to think that a city cut up with canals must present a very disagreeable aspect; for I could not conceive how they could be arranged with any regard to beauty. Gottenburg has cured me of this misconception. In spite of its canals, or rather by the help of them, added to the highlands about it, and the splendid style of building adopted by the people, it is one of the most enchanting little towns on earth. These canals are really an ornament. Cut wide and perpendicularly down, their sides all laid up in massive stone work, the stones being finely hammered and laid smoothly in water lime, they offer an appearance of skill, and taste, and durability, as well as expensiveness, which is decidedly interesting; and then the numerous stone stairways, from thirty to forty feet in width, laid down the walls to the water's edge, for the convenience of passengers, give an air of comfort that one can not overlook.

These canals, it must be remembered, constitute only the middle of the widest streets, like a railroad in a commercial town, while the street itself, on either side, in addition to its wide pavement of smooth flat stones next the buildings, is thoroughly macadamized till it touches the solid facing of stone-work, which forms another pavement along the edge of the canal. Each of these great streets, therefore, has four foot-pavements, two next the buildings on the sides, and two along the banks of the canal; and there are lines of shade-trees, also, running on the borders of the four foot-walks, through their entire extent. The little steamers on these canals are a peculiarity of Sweden, and lend great animation to the general aspect of things. The city is furnished, too, with many agreeable little parks; the public buildings are surrounded by fenced areas of this sort; and at the time of our brief visit, they were as green, and almost as full of bloom, as they could have been in the month of June. We were surprised to see the green lawns, covered with trees and bushes with their leaves yet upon them, on that tenth of November, and on the parallel of fifty-seven degrees and forty minutes!

But a small river running through a town is always quite an ugly thing? So thought I, from all that I had seen elsewhere; but when I set my eyes on the Gotha-Elf, winding its way through this Gottenburg, with its sides all laid up in solid masonry of hammered stone and

furnished with these stone stairways to the water's edge, at the crossings of all the streets, my judgment took another turn. I know of nothing more enchanting than a river, served in this style, passing through a city; and I thought of many a town in my native land, like Elmira and Rochester in New York, and Bangor in Maine, which might be rendered as splendid as a fairy scene by such a process. In regions so abounding in stone, we ought to abolish all wooden piers and wharves, build them in smooth and solid masonry, and then charge for their occupancy accordingly. They would be cheaper in the end than our spiles and piles of logs; and then the advantages to the taste of a community are beyond calculation. We are a new country, it is true, and find plenty of opportunities for our loose capital; but I must think that, in some places, where the materials are abundant, and the wealth of the people is not small, there must also be some lack of taste. We have not one city in America, indeed, where the shores of the river touching it, or passing through it, or where the water margin of any sort, is dealt with in so tasteful, elegant, and durable a manner as these are in this little commercial metropolis of Sweden; and it would prove beneficial to our country if the city fathers of many of our towns would come here and see what a comparatively-poor population can accomplish, when they have the enterprise and the taste to do it.

Gottenburg is only a little older than the oldest of our cities in America. It was founded by Charles the Ninth in 1607, and has been several times destroyed by fire. The streets now look new, and the blocks and squares of massive buildings have the appearance of having been but recently constructed. There are no small buildings in the city; and the first impression is that the people are all very wealthy, or that house-rent must be very low; for it would be impossible for a poor man to find a house not good enough for a man of wealth. The fact puzzled me for an hour or two. I should have solved the problem sooner had my tongue been of any use to me; but, for the first time in my life, I found that whatever I knew of the babbling speech of earth did not avail me in conversation. Still, I would not leave such a mystery behind me; and so I found a way of cracking it. The interpretation of the affair is this: the blocks of buildings are all built large and high, and they are expensively and elegantly finished on the outside; but the explanation of the matter is to be found in the peculiar way of occupying these Swedish houses. A house here is not a section of a block cut perpendicularly from the ground upward—it is a section of that

block cut horizontally. A house, in other words, is nothing but a certain floor, or story, of a block; and when you inquire for the residence of any person, you expect to be told, not only the number of the block, but the floor he occupies. "Where does Prince Ellendorf reside?" you ask of any person in the street. The answer is—"Po Stor Gatan, nummer 21, two trappa upp." That is, on Great Street, No. 21, two stairs up. That is Prince Ellendorf's house: he lives there in great elegance; but perhaps there is a family of washerwomen living on the flight above him, and a man making and selling bread, or a small pipe and tobacco shop, two flights below. This way of occupying houses produces quite a democratic mixing up of populations; but it certainly has the virtue of imparting a splendid external aspect to these Swedish cities.

IV. The leading hotel of Gottenburg, where myself and party resided for a day, presents the external appearance of a royal palace. It is not as large as the palace of Victoria in London; but it approaches it in magnitude, and it is not much inferior in its general aspect. The moment we saw it we began to anticipate a splendid entertainment, and a bill to match it. The reader must enter with me, therefore, and make his own observations and deductions. Our experience is after the following fashion. Our goods are set down at the door and the porter of the house summoned by the pulling of a bell. The porter makes his appearance promptly, and lifts his cap to the oldest person of the party. His cap, in fact, is at once taken off his head; it is not put on again till we are all admitted within the building; and it is again removed, and held in the hand, as often as its owner has the slightest thing to say to us, or either of us has a word to say to him. This important personage speaks a very little English. Our names are taken by the keeper of the books; rooms are assigned us while standing in this hall before a writing-desk; and then the porter conducts us each to our respective lodgings.

We find our rooms to be very large, even magnificent, and furnished with every convenience and comfort, except a carpet. The bare floor, though perfectly well made of Norway pine, and as white and clean as soap and brush can make it, gives the room an air of emptiness, of discomfort, which we all find it difficult to reconcile with our ideas of happiness. The lack of a carpet, therefore, must be supplied by a blazing fire; for this would at least impart to us the idea of country life at home; but where is the fireplace, where the stove for these great rooms near the middle of November? We see nothing but a vast column of porcelain, or what looks

like porcelain, on one side, towering up in its smooth and architectural elegance from floor to ceiling. But this can not be a fireplace. It is a pillar set in the room for ornament. It is not our business, however, to find out how our apartments are to be supplied with heat. There must be some mode here in Sweden of making a room warm; and it is the province of the landlord to make the discovery of that mode for us. So the bell is rung. Up springs the porter and a chamber-maid. We tell him our want; and in ten minutes more we find the lofty column of porcelain admitting through a brass door, near the floor, about as much wood as a young horse would eat, if tied to a board fence or wood-pile for half an hour. But, strange to say, this scrap of fuel at length warms the whole column; and the column warms the room, and makes us feel really comfortable and almost at home.

Washing apparatus we find abundant; and after the needful ablutions, we begin to make inquiries about our first meal in Sweden. We pull the bell again. The porter answers; but he tells us, in his broken English, that guests are not provided with food in this hotel, and that we must go out to get our breakfast.

"Curious hotel this!" was our immediate exclamation. "Nothing to eat in it! Is this the way you keep hotels in Sweden?"

"Yes, sir; we furnish only lodgings, and our guests take their meals wherever they choose to find them."

"But suppose we get here in the middle of the night, in a rain-storm, or when it is very cold—how then?"

"It is just the same; we give only rooms and beds; but we can send out and have your meal prepared to order and brought to you in your room."

There is a streak of daylight in this closing observation; but seeing it is not midnight, nor stormy weather, nor even cold, we will not trouble the city to bring our breakfast to us; but we will follow the footsteps of this porter, who has offered to show us down to a *matel*, or dining-room, kept by an old lady and her daughters in the same block of which the hotel is only a small portion.

So here we are, then, at a table of our own, with a Scandinavian dinner-bill before us, and surrounded by any number of waiters, all of whom speak exceedingly good—*Swedish*!

What are we to do with these dishes printed out here in this unknown language? for we have learned but a single word of the dialect of Sweden on our voyage from London to this little commercial metropolis!

We have all been too sick for study. We look

the bill over. We look at the servants. The servants look at us. With a daring spirit I venture to say *beefsteak*, remembering that to be the cognomen of an Englishman, as well as of a well-known article of diet, all over Europe. The word had the desired effect. It works like a flash of electricity. The servants jump in all directions, and we have a dinner of splendid *beefsteak*, with all the dishes thereto appertaining, with both tea and coffee, within less than twenty minutes after the pronouncement of this talismanic term. And the reader must remember that we are just from sea; that we have eaten nearly nothing for four days; and if we order several desserts of a Swedish make, of course just to try them, and close up with an array of little nicknacks, at an expense of about one American dollar for each person, it must be set down to good appetites, and not to any thing unreasonable in the cost of living in this country.

V. The evening of this first day in Sweden was very agreeably spent in conversation with our American Consul, Hon. Mr. Epping, at this port. We talked of the voyage, of England, of America, of the war, and of the disposition of the great European nations toward our country in this crisis of its existence; and by bringing our observations together, and comparing them, we came to the general conclusion that, in Europe, as in America, there are two parties in relation to the struggle. The Governments of the European nations, including their kings and ruling classes, are doing what they can, or dare, to break up the Union; for they find it robbing them of their populations, as well as rolling up an unanswerable and troublesome argument against royal establishments and in favor of popular supremacy the world over. The people, on the other hand, are every-where praying for the success of the Union army; they are hoping that no compromise will be made with slavery; for they know that slavery is a tax upon every working man of Europe, as well as of America; and they stand ready, by the ten thousand, in all these European countries, if the means of transit can be provided for them, to enlist to fight on the side of universal liberty. This, I was told, is the general sentiment in Sweden; and here, also, the man who wears the crown, King Charles the Fourteenth, a most popular sovereign, and a friend of the working classes, is also warm in his sympathies for the cause of American unity and freedom.

VI. This evening's conversation with Consul Epping brought up the relations of the three Scandinavian countries; and I was glad to learn that the King of Sweden, who is also King of Norway, is the particular friend of Denmark,

and that he gave Denmark the benefit of his efficient sympathy at the time of the attempted revolt of her refractory provinces, Schleswig and Holstein. Prussia had taken sides with the insurgents; but on seeing the active interest manifested by the Swedish king, the Germans abandoned their protégés, and left them to make their oboisance to Denmark as they might best find the means of doing it. A great hue and cry had been made by Germany respecting the duties imposed by Denmark on the vessels of all nations for passing the Danish Sound to and from the Baltic. The cry was of the same sort with the present noise made in Europe, by the ruling classes, in regard to cotton. Cotton, they say, must be had at all hazards, as the cotton-spinners will starve without it; and great speeches are made, followed by long editorials in the Tory newspapers, to show the wonderful sorrow of the nobility over the starving thousands. But what say those so deeply and personally interested? They say they want no intervention against liberty in their behalf. They are willing to perish by the thousand, rather than to see the cause of the working man, of labor, sacrificed to the cause of aristocracy and capital. It was so during this Schleswig and Holstein revolt against generous Denmark. Germany made a great deal of noise about the sound dues, when she had scarcely any shipping, and the least possible interest in the subject. She only shed tears out of sympathy for other nations, while all the nations, excepting England, told Denmark to go forward and reduce the insurgents, as they were entirely willing to pay these duties, as they would any other rightful and established customs. The King of Sweden was particularly kind to Denmark at this moment of her peril; and this conduct is worthy of the more honor, as the division of Denmark would have made her an easy prey to any ambitious views of the Swedish monarch. But the king was simply interested in the integrity of Scandinavia; he did not intend to see it invaded and divided by German interests; so he controlled the rebellion in behalf of Denmark without any view to his own aggrandizement; and by this behavior he earned, what he now enjoys, the respect of every inhabitant of the three Scandinavian countries.

VII. But these Danish imposts are, after all, a most curious topic. The Baltic and the German Ocean are connected by a little strait running between Denmark and Sweden, of only a little more than three miles in width. At the narrowest point these duties have been paid for many centuries; and the stopping of every vessel passing here, for the purpose of discharging

this obligation, has raised up a city of about ten thousand inhabitants. This city has become, in process of time, a mart of no little trade; for if the vessels must tarry here to pay these duties, they can, at the same time, very conveniently make this a position for taking in supplies; and this leads to still further business, as one thing always tends to carry other things with it. So considerable an exaction as is here made, for example, would sometimes create bad temper, and perhaps attempts to evade the impost; and therefore fortifications must be erected equal to the importance of the subject; and these would draw soldiers, and every sort of traffic connected with a settled camp. It is thus that towns are built; and in this way the old fortress of Cronberg has become a beautiful and a busy town, the key-holder of the Baltic, with the romantic appellation of Elsinore.

VIII. But our pleasant evening has at last gone by; we have slept for several hours on these narrow little Swedish beds, just wide enough for one; and now we are up and out, after a warm cup of tea in our rooms, on the way to the railroad station. Reader, did you ever get up and go out about three hours before daylight, while all the world was yet asleep, and go through the streets of a city under the full blaze of a moon, which seemed brighter than it ever did before? Were you not enchanted with the experience, and did you not wonder that you did not get out of bed thus early every morning of the year? If so, then you will know precisely how to sympathize with us when going through the streets of Gottenburg, on the morning of this eleventh of November. The moon was never more brilliant since it began to shine. The streets are as clean as a swept floor, and every thing looks fresh, and beautiful, and clear. We are all as buoyant as children; and the more so because every thing before and about us is strange and interesting. We are about four thousand miles from home, and yet going further; but this is to be our last day's travel before reaching our journey's end. We have just enough difficulty in making ourselves understood at the station to aid us in recollecting that we have seen it. We find one man speaking a little English, and he tells us all that we really need to know, not only there on starting, but also on the road. We have heard of persons who did not know enough to last them overnight; and we are all the more careful, therefore, to acquire a stock of information for the day. We find the cars precisely such as those we have just left in England; and by our English experience we have learned, also, that the second-class cars are the ones for us to ride in, if

we would see the country we are to be passing through. With a good supply of cakes and fruit, and a still larger supply of interest in the coming journey of a day, we take our softly-cushioned seats in a car just large enough for eight, with a lamp burning brightly overhead.

The moment comes; a little bell is rattled, and we are off, winding at first through the suburbs of this pleasant little city, then pushing boldly out into an unknown and apparently very novel country. The moon is still shining in her strength; the stars are also at their best, and the whole land shimmers with the silver light. Here we pass over a flat surface; then we run through cuts in the hills where all is darkness; at once we burst out again into an open country, where the broad fields, and the farm-houses, and the groves of timber, and the rocky hills seem to remind us of moonlit scenes we have beheld at home. The road is very smooth; we scarcely feel a jar; we trundle along with the greatest ease and comfort, or would do so were it not for a couple of Swedish gentlemen in our car, who keep up an incessant smoking, according to the custom of the country. They are the only persons with us; but they do not ask whether smoking is to us agreeable or disagreeable; but they completely fill the car with their fumes, each one lighting a new cigar as the old one begins to grow too hot.

We soon discover that it is not bad taste to smoke in these cars; for under the window or upper portion of the door, on either side of the car, there is fixed a little box, with a lid on top, into which the smoker is expected to knock off the ashes of his cigar or pipe. Nor is this arrangement peculiar to the cars we ride in; for I discover these little ash-boxes on the doors of all the cars, till you come down to the third-class, where a passenger is expected to smoke to his heart's content, and throw the ashes he makes out of the window or on the floor.

With this peculiarity we get along, however, very well; for though tobacco is contraband to every member of our party, the smoke of it is not generally offensive, except when it is furnished in excess; and by the help of a little ventilation now and then, we contrive to let the Swedish gentlemen enjoy their entertainment at no great expense to us. We give our attention entirely to the country. Having started at six o'clock, at eight the sky begins to redden in the east; and by nine the sun is entirely out of bed, and on his daily round. We now see the country very plainly, and find it to be nothing but New England; or, more particularly, it is the State of Maine exactly, only much further advanced in years. We have here, as we pass

along, the same granite rocks and massive boulders, the same soils under the same circumstances without a difference, the same timber, the birches, and pines, and firs generally prevailing, but with here and there small forests of other wood, and the same varieties of landscape; in one place the country being very level, then broken into hills; again towering up to nearly or quite the dignity of mountains. The lakes here also remind us of our old Acadia. We pass a lake, a small one of course, every few minutes. Their banks, and the timber-lands adjoining, are just such as we have every-where in Maine. There is one particular in which these sheets of water surpass our own. They are not rendered ridiculous by being called "*ponds*." They are all honored with good, substantial, and yet oftentimes very romantic names. There is also a history connected with every one of them. On their banks battles have been fought, or treaties have been made, or some domestic scenes have been enacted, or some religious rite performed, by which they have been rendered interesting and perhaps immortal to those who are familiar with them. Where any one of them has an outlet, there stands a little hamlet, perhaps a town, and once in a number of miles a city, where something is manufactured, or where the people of the region concenter to buy and sell.

But we are most pleased, after all, with the structure and appointments of this railroad. It is about two hundred and sixty English miles in length, and one of the best roads we have seen, either in America or Europe. The stations are quite frequent; and these are all beautiful buildings, recently erected, furnished with every convenience needed by a traveler, and surrounded by parks beautifully laid out, with graveled walks running in all directions, and covered with trees, which the taste of the managers have generally supplied, or left standing where nature planted them. The entire length of the road is marked by these evidences of taste and judgment; and these little inns are so frequent that no person can long want for any comfort. We several times try our hands at a Swedish railway entertainment, and we find no difficulty but to understand how much we are to pay for the articles we need. They usually allow us ten minutes at the half stations, and twenty at the full stations; and at the latter the custom is, as we see, for each one to go and take what he will from the loaded tables, which have no waiters, and then walk up to the *kontor*, or office, and pay for what he has thus abstracted. Either food and drink must be so cheap, that it is of no account whether a traveler takes much or little or the people who travel here are expected to be

very honest. The latter, in this Northern clime, must be the alternative to be adopted; and this fact makes a beautiful impression on us respecting the character of the population.

With these agreeable reflections, therefore, we whirl along over the valleys and through the hills, comparing every thing we see with the same things at home, and noting the hours as they pass away, now arriving at twelve o'clock, then at one, two, and three, when the sun begins to drop behind a western cloud, and then four, when he goes entirely beyond our view, leaving us to the little lamp shining overhead, and to our reckonings of distance between us and our journey's end. All is interesting because all is new. We are constantly visited at every stopping-place by our faithful conductor, who every time tells us how long we are to stay; but we ask him no questions, lest we get a deluge of Swedish information which only a Swede can understand. We learn quite a number of words along the route, and begin to feel as if we can almost talk; but we have now no one on whom to test our erudition, as our two Swedes have long since left us to ourselves. The great clouds in the west make it very dark; the moon has grown late and will not be out till after our day's journey shall have closed; and so we go leaping along over a railroad not a fortnight old, wondering whether the next leap will land us into one of these yet numerous lakes, or hurl us headlong into some vast and midnight abyss. We have trusted too long to Providence, however, to experience alarm even in this dismal portion of our ride; we soon come out of the darkness and touch the shores of Lake Malar, which makes our hearts jump a little at the idea that we are within a few miles of the termination of our travels; and precisely at eight o'clock, of this eleventh of November, the cars run under cover, and we step out among the brilliant lights and within the limits of the capital of Sweden.

DEATH.

METHOUGHT a change came o'er me, strange yet sweet,

As if unmanac'd a captive sprung;

Lightness for dull incumbrance, wings for feet,

The heavy and the weak asunder flung:

To sink, to sail, to fly were all the same;

No weight, no weariness; unfleshed and free;

Pure and aspiring as the ethereal flame,

With the full strength of immortality;

Reason clear, passionless, serene, and bright,

Without a prejudice, without a stain,

Ungingled and immaculate delight,

Without the shadow of a fear or pain—

A whisper gentle as a zephyr's breath

Spake in mine ear, "THIS LIBERTY IS DEATH."

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF
NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. B. F. CHART, D. D.

NAPOLEON EMPEROR.

AUSTRIA ceded to France all the country situated on the right of the Save, the boundaries of Goritz, the territory of Monte-Feltro, the Carniole, and the boundaries of Villach. It recognized the reunion of the Illyrian provinces to the French Empire, as well as the future incorporations which conquest or diplomatic combinations might bring in Italy, Portugal, and Spain, and renounced irrevocably the alliance with England, in order to accept the continental system with all its exigencies.

Soon all commenced to react against Napoleon; but nothing could yet resist him. Portugal had communicated with the English—he had invaded Portugal; Godoy had manifested hostile sentiments by a poorly-appointed but perhaps inoffensive armament—he had forced Charles IV to abdicate; the Pope had made Rome the rendezvous-general of English agents—he treated the Pope as a temporal sovereign, and deposed him; nature refused children to Josephine—he espoused Maria-Louisa and had a son; Holland, despite its promises, had become an *entrepot* of English merchandise—he dispossessed his brother Louis of his kingdom and reunited it to France.

Then the Empire had one hundred and thirty departments; it extended from the Adriatic Sea to the English Channel; from the Tagus to the Elbe. One hundred and twenty millions of men obeyed a single will, submitted to a single power, and, led by one voice, cried *Vive Napoleon!* in eight different languages.

The General is at the zenith of his glory, and the Emperor at the apogee of his fortune. To this day we have seen him unceasingly ascend. He makes a halt of a year on the summit of his prosperity; for it is necessary that he should take breath before descending.

On the 1st of April, 1810, Napoleon espoused Maria-Louisa, Arch-Duchess of Austria; eleven months after a hundred and one rounds of artillery announced to the world the birth of an heir of the throne. One of the first effects of the alliance of Napoleon with the house of Lorraine was, that it led to a coldness between him and the Emperor of Russia, who, if it is necessary to believe Dr. O'Meara, had offered to him his sister, the Grand-Duchess Anne. Since 1810 the latter, who had seen the Empire of Napoleon rise around him like the

ocean tides, had augmented his armies and renewed his relations with Great Britain. The whole of the year 1811 was passed in fruitless negotiations, which, in proportion to their failure, rendered the approaching war more and more probable. Each one for himself began his preparations before war was declared. Prussia, by the treaty of the 24th of February, and Austria, by the treaty of the 14th of March, agreed to furnish to Napoleon, the former 20,000 men, and the latter 30,000. For their part, Italy and the Confederation of the Rhine coöperated in that grand enterprise, the one by the contribution of 25,000, the other by 80,000 combatants. Finally a decree of the Senate divided the National Guard into three corps, for the service of the interior; the first of these three belonged to the active service, and was placed—besides the gigantic army which marched toward the Niemen, one hundred cohorts of 1,000 men each—at the command of the Emperor.

On the 9th of March Napoleon left Paris, ordering the Duke of Bassano to detain Prince Kourakin's passports as long as possible. The Prince was the ambassador of the Czar; and the recommendation, which at the first had the appearance of a pacific wish, had no other end, in fact, than to leave Alexander uncertain of the true dispositions of his enemy, so that he might surprise him and fall unexpectedly on his army. It was Napoleon's habitual tactics, and this time, as ever before, it succeeded. The *Moniteur* simply announced that the Emperor had left Paris in order to make an inspection of the grand army reunited on the Vistula, and that the Empress had accompanied him to Dresden to visit her illustrious family. After remaining there fifteen days, and having, according to a promise he had made at Paris, made Talma and Mademoiselle Mars play before a parterre of kings, Napoleon left Dresden and arrived at Thorn on the 2d of June. On the 22d he announced his return into Poland by the following proclamation, dated at his head-quarters at Wilkowski:

SOLDIERS.—Russia has sworn an eternal alliance to France and war on England. She has violated her oath, she is unwilling to give any explanation of her strange conduct; but the French eagles had not repassed the Rhine, leaving thereby our allies at discretion. Does she then think us degenerated? Are we no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She places us between dishonor and war; our choice will not be doubtful. Let us march forward; let us pass the Niemen; let us carry war into the territory of Russia. It will be glorious to French arms. The peace which we conclude will make a termination to the sad influence which the Muscovite Cabinet has exercised, for fifteen years, on the affairs of Europe.

The army to which Napoleon addressed these words was the most splendid, the most numerous, and the most powerful which he had ever commanded. It was divided into fifteen corps, each commanded by a duke, a prince, or a king, and it formed a mass of four hundred thousand infantry, sixty thousand cavalry, and a thousand cannons.

Three days were necessary to cross the Niemen; the 23d, 24th, and 25th of June were employed in that operation. Napoleon stopped a moment, pensive and motionless, on the left bank of the river, where, three years before, the Emperor Alexander had sworn to him an eternal friendship. Then crossing in his turn, he said, "Fate leads the Russians, let their destiny be accomplished!"

His first steps, as always, were those of a giant. At the end of an easy march of two days the Russian army was wholly and shamefully surprised, and overwhelmed, and saw an entire *corps d'armée* separated from it. Then Alexander recognized Napoleon by these rapid strokes, terrible and decisive, and sent him word that if he would evacuate the invaded territory and return to the Niemen, he would treat with him. Napoleon thought this demand so strange that he made no response but to enter Wilna the next day. There he remained twenty days, established a provisional government, while a diet collected at Varsovie, and was occupied in reconstructing Poland; then he pursued the Russian army. On the second day of the march he began to be amazed at the system of defense adopted by Alexander. The Russians ruined every thing in their retreat—harvests, chateaux, cottages. An army of 500,000 men advanced into a country which had not been able to nourish Charles XII and his 20,000 Swedes.

From the Niemen to the Wilna they marched, amid the fires of a general conflagration, over carcasses and ruins. During the last days of July the army arrived at Witepsk, astonished by a war which resembled no other; in which they could not find an enemy, and where it seemed no one had any thing to do but the genius of destruction. Napoleon himself was stupefied with this plan of the campaign, which had never entered into his intuitions. He saw nothing before him but immense deserts, in which it would be necessary to remain a year in order to attain the end; each day's march which he made took him further from France, from his allies, from all of his resources. On arriving at Witepsk he threw himself into an arm-chair; then calling Count Daru, he said, "I will remain here; I wish to make myself acquainted with matters, to rally, to rest my army, and to reorganize Poland.

The campaign of 1812 is finished, that of 1813 will do the rest. Do you think, sir, that we can live here? for we do not wish to repeat the folly of Charles XII." Then addressing Murat: "Plant our eagles here," he added; "in 1813 we shall see Moscow, in 1814 St. Petersburg—the war of Russia is a war of three years."

This was, indeed, the resolution which he appeared to have taken; but Alexander, frightened in his turn by that inaction, at last makes visible these Russians, who, till then, have escaped him like phantoms. Aroused, like a gambler at the rattling of gold, Napoleon could not remain inactive, and hurries forward in pursuit. On the 14th of August he joins them and beats them at Krasnoi; on the 18th he chases them from Smolensk, which he leaves in flames, and on the 3d he seizes Viazma, whose magazines he finds destroyed. Since he has placed his feet on Russian territory there is every appearance that a great national war has broken out. At last Napoleon learns, in that city, that the Russian army had a new chief, and was ready to engage in battle in a position hastily intrenched.

The Emperor Alexander, yielding to the voice of the people, who had attributed the disasters of the war to the bad choice of its generals, had conferred the supreme command on Gen. Kutusoff, the conqueror of the Turks. If one should trust the public voice, the Prussian, Pfuhl, had caused the first misfortunes of the campaign, and the foreigner, Barclay de Tolly, with his eternal system of retreats, which seemed to distrust the pure Muscovites, had increased them.

In a grand national war a Russian only could save the country, and all agree, from the Czar to the last serf, that the conqueror of Roudschouck and the negotiator of Bucharest is alone capable of saving Russia. For his part, the new General, persuaded that in order to preserve his popularity in the army and in the nation, he would have to fight a battle before permitting us to reach Moscow, was resolved to await us in the position which he occupied near Borodino, where he was joined on the 4th of September by 10,000 militia from Moscow, scarcely organized.

On the same day Murat attacked, between the Gjat and Borodino, Gen. Konowitzin, charged by Kutusoff to hold a vast plateau which protects a ravine. Konowitzin follows strictly the order given, and holds it till that mass, double his own, pushes, or rather, by its weight, presses him back. They follow his bloody track to the fortified convent of Kolostkoi; there he endeavors still to hold them an instant; but surrounded on all sides, he is obliged to retreat on Gowlowino, through which he only passes. Our advance guard debouche from that village almost pell-

mell with the rear guard of the Russians. A moment after Napoleon appeared on horseback, and from the height which he had reached, commanded the whole plain. The sacked villages, the rye-fields trampled underfoot, the woods filled with Cossacks tell him that the plain which extends before him is chosen by Kutusoff for his field of battle. Behind the first line are three villages on a line, a league distant; the intervals are cut by ravines, thick with underbrush, swarming with men; the whole Russian army which awaits him is there, and the proof is that a redoubt has been constructed at the extreme left, near the village of Schardino. Napoleon embraced the horizon in a glance. He follows some leagues the two banks of the Kalonga; he knows that at the Borodino that river makes a turn to the left, and although he does not see the heights which force it to that deviation, he divines them, and comprehends that there is found the principal positions of the Russian army. But the river, in protecting the extreme right of the enemy, leaves uncovered his center and his left; there only is he vulnerable; it is there, then, that it is necessary to strike him.

But at first it is important to drive him from the redoubt that protects his left as an advanced work; from that point one can better reconnoiter his position. Gen. Compans receives orders to take it; three times he seizes it, three times is repulsed; at last he enters for the fourth time and establishes himself there. From that point Napoleon is able to overlook almost two-thirds of the field of battle, where he is going to maneuver.

The rest of the day—the 5th—is employed respectively in observations. Each party prepares for one supreme battle. The Russians pass their time in the pomp of the Greek worship, and in invoking by their songs and chants the all-powerful aid of Saint Newski. The French, habituated to the *Te Deum*, and not to prayers, recalled their detached men, array their masses, prepare their arms, dispose their batteries. The numerical strength of each is nearly equal: the Russians have 130,000 men; we 125,000. The Emperor camps behind the army of Italy, at the left of the grand route. The Old Guard formed in a square around his tent, the fires are kindled: those of the Russians form a vast and regular half circle; those of the French are feeble, unequal, without order. No place has been fixed for the different corps, and there is a scarcity of wood.

During the whole night a fine, cold rain falls. Autumn has come. Napoleon awakens the Prince of Neuchâtel eleven times to give him orders, and each time asks him if the enemy ap-

peared disposed to stand—so many times was he started out of his sleep by the fear that the Russians would escape; he believed often that he heard the sound of their departure. He was deceived; the light of day drove the clouds from their bivouacs. At three o'clock in the morning Napoleon mounts his horse, and, hidden by the twilight, with a feeble escort, he rides, within gunshot, along the whole line of the enemy.

The Russians crown all the crests; they are on horseback on the road to Moscow and the ravine of Gorka, at the bottom of which ran a little stream, and was shut in between the old road of Smolensk and the Moskowa. Barclay de Tolly, with three corps of infantry and one of cavalry, formed the right, from the grand bastioned redoubt to Moskowa; Bagration formed the left, with the seventh and eighth corps, from the grand redoubt to the felled forests, which extended between Semenofskone and Oustiza.

Strong as it was, that position was defective. The fault was that of Gen. Benigsen, who, filling the functions of Major-General of the army, had given his whole attention to the right—defended naturally—and neglected the left. It was, meantime, the weak side. It was, it is true, covered by three redoubts; but there was, between them and the old route from Moscow, an interval of five hundred *toises*—3,500 feet—protected only by some chasseurs.

Behold what Napoleon will do.

He will gain, with his extreme right, commanded by Poniatowski, the route to Moscow; will cut the army in two, and, while Ney, Davoust, and Eugene will hold the left, he will drive the whole center and right into the Moskowa. It is the same disposition as at Friedland; only at Friedland the river was in the rear of the enemy, and cut off his retreat; while here the Moskowa bounded his right, and he has in his rear a favorable country if he wishes to retire. The plan of battle received one modification during the day. It was not Bernadotte, but Eugene, who will attack the center; Poniatowski, with all his cavalry, will slip between the woods and the road, and attack the extremity of the left wing at the same time that Davoust and Ney will attack his front. Poniatowski received for that purpose, besides his cavalry, two divisions of the corps of Davoust.

That distraction of a part of his troops completed the bad humor of the Marshal, who had just proposed a plan which he judged infallible, and which he had seen rejected. That plan consisted in turning the position before attacking the redoubts, and of establishing our lines perpendicularly to the extreme position of the enemy. The maneuver was good, but hazard-

ous in this, that the Russians, seeing themselves on the point of being cut off, and knowing that there would be no escape in case of defeat, would be able to decamp in the night by the route of Mojarik, and leave us next day nothing but a deserted battle-field and empty redoubts, when it was that which Napoleon dreaded as much as a defeat. At three o'clock Napoleon went out the second time to assure himself that nothing had been changed. He came to the heights of the Borodino, and with his field-glass in his hand, began again his observations. Although few accompanied him, he was recognized. A cannon-shot, the only one which was fired that day, came from the Russian lines, and the ball ricocheted some steps from the Emperor.

At half-after four o'clock the Emperor returned to his encampment. He found there M. de Beaupet, who brought to him letters from Maria-Louisa, and the portrait of the King of Rome by Gerard. The likeness was exposed before the tent, and around it was found a circle of marshals, generals, and other officers. "Take away that picture," said Napoleon; "it is showing him too soon a field of battle."

Entering again his tent Napoleon dictated the following orders:

"There will be constructed during the night two redoubts opposite those the enemy has erected, which have been reconnoitered during the day.

"The redoubt on the left will be armed with forty-two guns, that on the right with seventy-two. At daylight the redoubt on the right will begin to fire; that on the left will commence as soon as the firing shall be heard on the right.

"The Viceroy will throw in the plain a considerable mass of sharp-shooters, who will keep up a well-sustained fire.

"The third corps, and the eighth, under the orders of Marshal Ney, will also throw some *tirailleurs* in front.

"The Prince of Ekmuhl will remain in position.

"Prince Poniatowski, with the fifth corps, will march before daylight, so that before six o'clock he can attack the left of the enemy.

"After the action is begun the Emperor will give his orders according to the exigency of the situation."

This plan being determined, Napoleon disposed his masses so as not to awaken the attention of the enemy: each one receives his instructions, the redoubts are raised, the artillery placed in position. At daylight one hundred and twenty mouths of fire overwhelm with balls and shells the works which the right will be charged to take.

Napoleon scarcely slept an hour; every moment he asks if the enemy is still there: different movements which he executes at two or three different times causes the fear that he is retreating. There is nothing of it; he only repairs the fault on which Napoleon has made his plan of the battle, in bearing to the left the entire corps of Toncykof, which protects all the feeble passages. At four o'clock Rapp enters the tent of the Emperor, and finds him resting his brow on his hands. He raises his head.

"Well, Rapp?" asks he.

"Sire, they are still there."

"This will be a terrible battle! Rapp, do you think we will gain a victory?"

"Yes, sire; but a bloody one."

"I know it," replied Napoleon; "but I have 80,000 men; I will lose 20,000 of them; I will enter Moscow with 60,000; the stragglers will rejoin us there; then the battalions in the rear guard, and we will be stronger than before the battle."

One will see that in the number of combatants Napoleon does not count his guard nor his cavalry; from that moment his determination is to gain the battle without these; it will be an artillery fight. In an instant acclamations resound; the cry of *Vive L'Empereur* runs through the line. At the first rays of day the following proclamation was read to the soldiers—one of the most beautiful, most frank, and most concise of Napoleon:

SOLDIERS!—Behold the battle which you have so much desired. Henceforth victory depends only on you. It is necessary: it will bring abundance, and will assure us good Winter-quarters, and an early return to our country. Be to-day the men of Austerlitz, of Friedland, of Witepsk, and of Smolensk, and the most distant posterity, in speaking of us, will say:

He was at the battle under the walls of Moscow!

Scarcely had the shouts ceased when Ney, always impatient, asked permission to begin the attack. All take their arms; each one prepares for the grand scene which is going to decide the fate of Europe. *Aidesdecamp* fly like arrows in all directions.

Compans, who had so well performed the prelude on the day before, will glide along the copse and will begin the affair by taking the redoubt which defends the extreme left, beyond Rapp; and Dessaix will second him, advancing under cover of the same woods. Friant's division will remain in reserve. As soon as Davoust shall be master of the redoubt, Ney will advance *en échelons* in order to seize Semenofskone: his divisions suffered severely at Valontina, and number scarcely 15,000 combatants. Ten thousand Westphalians will reinforce him, and form the

second line: the New and the Old Guard will form the third and the fourth.

Murat will divide his cavalry. On the left of Ney, before the enemy's center, the corps of Montbrun will be found. Nausonti and Latour Manbourg will find their positions in such a manner as to follow the movements of our right. At last Grouchy will second the Viceroy; Eugene Beauharnais, who, reinforced by the divisions of Moraud and Gerard, raised by Davoust, will commence by taking Borodino, will leave there the division of Delzous, and, passing with three others the Kalonga, on three bridges thrown across in the morning, will attack the grand redoubt of the center, situated on the right bank of the river. A half hour will suffice to carry out these orders. It is five and a half o'clock in the morning; the redoubt of the right begins its fire, that of the left responds; every thing trembles, all march, bearing toward the front.

Davoust rapidly moves with his two divisions; the left of Eugene, composed of the brigade of Plausonne, which should have remained a corps of observation, restraining itself in order to occupy Borodino, rushes on, despite the cries of its General—passes through the village, and soon strikes against the heights of Gorki, where the Russians overwhelm it with a fire from front and flank. Then the 92d Regiment runs, of its own accord, to the aid of the 106th, collecting the wrecks and leading them back; but it is half destroyed in the loss of its General.

In that moment Napoleon, thinking that Poniatowski has had time to execute his movement, launches Davoust on the first redoubt; the divisions of Compans and Dessaix follow him, bearing before them thirty pieces of cannon. The whole line of the enemy takes fire as a train of powder.

Napoleon has made a *critique* on this plan. "The first disposition was a grave fault," said he, "and was the cause of the indecisive turn which the battle took. It would have been better to throw Davoust with four of his divisions in the gap, between the redoubt of the left and the woods of Oustiza; to have Murat follow with his cavalry; to order Ney and the Westphalians to assist him, directing them toward Semenovskone, while the New Guard had marched *en echelons* to the center of the two attacks; and Poniatowski, united with Davoust, attacked the right of Toncykof in the forest of Oustiza. We would have turned and overwhelmed from the beginning the left of the enemy with an irresistible mass; we would have forced a change of the front parallel to the grand route to Moscow and Moskowa, which the enemy had in his rear. He had in that gap but four feeble regiments of chasseurs,

ambushed in the underbrush in such a manner that success seemed not doubtful." (JOMINI, *Vie politique et militaire de Napoleon*.)

The infantry marched without firing; it hastened to reach the fire of the enemy and extinguish it. Compans was wounded, Rapp runs to take his place; he rushes forward in a terrible bayonet charge; but in the moment when they reach the redoubt he falls struck by a ball: it is his twenty-second wound. Dessaix replaces him and is wounded in his turn. The horse of Davoust was killed by a shot; the Prince of Ek-muhl falls in the dust; he gets up himself and remounts his horse; he will not give up for a contusion.

Rapp was taken before the Emperor.

"What! Rapp," said Napoleon; "wounded again?"

"Always sure, sire. Your Majesty knows it is my habit."

"How is it going up there?"

"Finely! but it will be necessary for the Guard to complete it."

"I will take care of that," said Napoleon, with a movement that seemed like fear. "I do not wish to have it cut up; I will gain the battle without it."

Then Ney, with his three divisions, threw himself in the plain, and advancing by *echelons*, rode, at the head of the division of Ledru, on that fatal redoubt which had already made the division of Compans mourn its three generals. He enters by the left, while the brave men, who began the attack, scale the right. Ney and Murat launch the division of Razour on the two other redoubts: it is on the point of carrying them when it is charged by the Russian cuirassiers. There was a moment of uncertainty; the infantry stops, but does not recoil; the cavalry of Bruyere comes to its aid; the cuirassiers are repulsed. Murat and Razour advance; the intrenchments are theirs.

Two hours are passed in these attacks. Napoleon is astonished not to hear the cannon of Poniatowski, and that no movement occurs which would announce a diversion of the enemy. In the mean time Kutusoff, who had been able quite easily to discover the large masses ready to strike his left, has ordered there the corps of Bagawont; one of his divisions marches to Oustiza, the other throws itself into the cove. While this was enacting Poniatowski returns; he has not been able to find a passage through the forest. Napoleon sends him to form the extreme right of Davoust. In the mean time the left of the Russian line is forced, and the plain opened—the three redoubts belong to Ney, Murat, and Davoust. But Bagration continues to preserve a menacing attitude, and receives repeated reinforcements.

It is necessary quickly to drive him beyond the ravine of Semenofskone, lest he should be able to take the offensive. All the artillery that can be taken from the redoubts is placed in position against him, and assists the movement. Ney throws himself in advance, followed by from fifteen to twenty thousand men.

In the place of awaiting him, Bagration, who feared the violence of the shock, precipitated himself at the head of his line, and marches forward with fixed bayonets. The two masses meet; the fray thickens; corps against corps; it is a duel between forty thousand men. Bagration is grievously wounded; the Russian troops, deprived a moment of their head, give way. Konownitzin took command of them, led them behind the ravine of Semenofskone, and, protected by well-placed artillery, arrested the progress of our columns. Murat and Ney are exhausted; both have made superhuman efforts; they begged reinforcements from Napoleon. The Emperor ordered the New Guard to march. They began to move; but almost immediately casting his eyes on Borodino, and seeing some regiments of the soldiers of Eugene driven by the cavalry of Ourwaroff, he believed that the whole corps of the Viceroy was in full retreat, and ordered the Guard to arrest it. In place of the Guard he sends to Ney and Murat all the artillery in reserve. A hundred pieces of artillery rush forth in a gallop to take possession on the conquered heights.

And now see what Eugene was doing.

After having been held for an hour in suspense by the rashness of the brigade of Plausonne, the Viceroy passed the Kalonga on four little bridges, thrown across by the engineers. As soon as he is on the other side he hastens to march obliquely to the right, in order to take the strong redoubt which, situated between Borodino and Semenofskone, covered the enemy's center. The division of Moraud debouched first upon the plateau, threw the 30th Regiment on the redoubt, and advanced in deep columns to second it. Those who formed them were old soldiers, as calm under fire as on parade. They advanced at shoulder-arms, and without firing a shot penetrated the redoubt, despite the terrible fire of the first line of Pasquewitch. But the latter has foreseen the event; he throws himself with the second line on flanks of the column: Jermolof advanced with a brigade of Guards to aid him. On seeing the reinforcements which came to its aid, the first line wheeled about-face; the division of Moraud was caught in a triangle of fire: it recoiled, leaving in the redoubt Gen. Bonami and the 30th Regiment. Bonami was killed; half of the 30th fell around him. It was at that moment that Napoleon saw some regiments repass the Ka-

longa; he believed his line of retreat menaced, and retained his Young Guard.

In the mean time Kutusoff profited by the moment of hesitation which he saw in Ney and Murat. While they struggle to preserve their positions the Russian General called to the aid of his left all his reserves and even the Russian Guard. By means of all these reinforcements Konownitzin, who had taken the place of Bagration, re-forms his line. His right reached to the strong redoubt which Eugene attacked; his left extends to the woods. Fifty thousand men are massed in one column, and are moved to attack our rear; their artillery resounds, their small-arms rattle, shells and bullets tear our ranks. The soldiers of Friant, placed in the first line, assailed by a hail of grape-shot, hesitate, falter; a colonel, discouraged, commands a retreat; but Murat, who is every-where, was behind him. Murat stops him, seizes him by the collar, and looking him in the face, said:

"What are you doing?"

"You can very well see that one can not stay here," replied the colonel, showing him the ground covered with his men.

"I remain here myself," said Murat.

"It is all right," said the colonel. "Soldiers, right-about face! Let us die here."

And he took his regiment to its post under the iron hail.

At that moment our redoubts belched flame; eighty new guns open fire at the same time. The success which Murat and Ney expected had come; it is not the kind they looked for, but more terrible.

Nevertheless, the masses thickened and deepened: ordered to move they continued to march; and one could see at first our bullets making in their ranks deep furrows; but still they come. But balls are succeeded by grape. Crushed under the tempest of fire they seek to re-form; the mortal rain redoubles; they halt, they dare not advance any further, and at the same time they were unwilling to give back a step. They heard no more the commands of their generals; or the generals, unaccustomed to maneuver such large bodies, lost their wits. Whatever it was, forty thousand men are there, who stand in that storm for two hours. It is a frightful massacre, an endless butchery. At last they came to tell Ney and Murat that the ammunition was exhausted. They are victors who are wearied first. Ney threw himself in front, extending his right line in order to turn the left of the enemy. Murat and Davoust second that movement; the bayonet and musket-balls destroy those who have escaped the artillery; the left of the Russian army is annihilated.

The conquerors, all raising shouts for the Guard, turn toward the center, and hasten to the aid of Eugene; every thing is arranged for the attack on the grand redoubt.

Montbrun, whose corps was placed directly in front of the enemy's center, marches on in a charge at double-quick. Scarcely had he gone a quarter of the road when he is cut in two by a shot. Caulincourt takes his place; he places himself at the head of the 5th Cuirassiers, and throws himself on the redoubt at the same time that the divisions of Moraud, Gerard, and Bourcier, sustained by the legions of the Vistula, attack it on three sides at the same time. At the moment Caulincourt penetrates the redoubt he falls mortally wounded; at the same time his brave regiment, overwhelmed by the fire of the infantry of Ostermann and of the Russian Guard, who are behind the works, is obliged to recoil and re-form under the protection of our columns. But while this was passing Eugene attacks, in his turn, the redoubt at the head of three divisions; seizes it and takes Gen. Lichtscheffs. As soon as he was established he launches the corps of Grouchy on the wrecks of the battalions of Doctoroff. The Chevalier Guards and the Russian Guards confront ours. Grouchy is obliged to make a retrograde movement; but that movement gave time to Belliard to train thirty pieces of artillery, which are already in position in the redoubt.

The Russians form with the same obstinacy that they already had shown, their generals leading them. They approach in serried column to retake the redoubt for which they have made us pay so dear. Eugene allows them to approach within gunshot, and then unmasks his thirty pieces: they flame all at once. The Russians reel a moment, then form again. This time they march up to the mouths of the guns, which crush them. Eugene, Murat, and Ney send couriers to Napoleon. They implore him to send the Guard; the enemy's army is destroyed if he will grant it. Belliard, Daru, Berthier press him. "And if there should be a second battle," said he, "with whom would I fight it?"

The victory and the field of battle are ours; but we were not able to pursue the enemy, who retires under our fire without discontinuing his own, and immediately stops and intrenches in a second position.

Then Napoleon mounted his horse, rode toward Semenofskone, visited the whole field, where occasionally a spent ball ricocheted. At last calling Mortier, he orders him to advance the Young Guard, but not to pass the new ravine which separates him from the enemy; then he returned to his tent.

At ten o'clock at night Murat, who had fought since six in the morning, hastened to announce that the enemy was passing in disorder the Moskowa, and had escaped him again. He still begged for the Guard, which had not been given during the day, and with which he promised to reach and surprise the Russians. But then, as at other times, Napoleon refuses, and permits that army to escape which he had hurried to join. The next day it had entirely disappeared, leaving Napoleon the master of the most horrible battlefield which, perhaps, had ever existed. Sixty thousand men, of whom one-third are ours, lie sleeping there. We have nine generals killed and thirty wounded. Our losses were immense, and without proportionate results.

HIGHLAND LIGHT.

BY R. F. DE COSTA.

"How dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles;
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall, anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock—her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight."

AT the Highlands of Truro, perched upon the summit of the precipitous cliff, stands the light-house. This is the *ultima thule* of Massachusetts. Here the mariner, shaping his course for the Old World, bids farewell to the New, while the friendly beacon, brighter than ancient Pharos, hurls over the sea its broad beam of light, to illuminate his departure, and again, when homeward bound, to welcome his return. The cliffs are not so high as in the eleventh century, when the little bark of that adventurous Northman, Thowald Ericson, tossed within their shade, nor when, six centuries later, they rose to Gosnold's view a "mighty headland;" yet they are still lofty enough to inspire the vertigo.

But ascend the spiral staircase of the light-house, and climb into the lantern, which is nothing less than a little crystal palace, full of optical illusions and bursting with prismatic splendor, and from this lofty outlook survey the surrounding prospect. To-day the sea is enjoying a brief respite from its customary hydrophobia. The waves roll gently up the beach, and sink down upon the sand, as if weary with their long march across the Atlantic. In the offing is a large fleet of fishing schooners standing slowly away toward Cape Ann; and the tall and stately ship goes idling on her way to India, careless of time and the rich lading. Landward the same quiet pre-

vails. Far and wide the landscape wears a gray and somber aspect. Nature is lost in a brown study. A narrow strip of Massachusetts Bay stretches along the inner side of the Cape like a blue ribbon, which combines with the incipient greenness of a few patches of cultivated pines to relieve the monotone, while the white sand-hills toward the north file solemnly away in ghostly procession, till lost in the distance. Six miles westward, beyond Cape Harbor, may be seen the quaint old town of Provincetown, whose prosperity, Venice-like, has come from the sea. In the middle distance, and almost hid from view in a valley scooped out by Pre-Adamite floods, lies Pond Village. The tower of its little semi-Gothic church, in which the Methodist itinerant essays to break the Bread of Life, may be discerned peeping out above the hillocks. Along the margin of the road are located half a dozen ancient dwellings, which contain the immediate society of the "Light;" and in the neighboring pastures, now vainly struggling to appear green, a few hungry cows roam about, clipping their scanty subsistence. Hard by, upon a knoll, stands the drowsy windmill, populous with pigeons, and down at our feet are the cottages of the keeper and his men. In the little gardens may usually be found a few flowers, and, oddly enough, a dwarfed apple-tree or two, loaded with fruit and propped up with broom-sticks. The seven lamps of architecture never shed their radiance upon this community, and hence the primitive style characterizes the dwellings. On many of the barns and out-buildings may be seen escutcheons and billet-heads of ships that went to pieces on the neighboring beach. These are the grim but favorite decorations of the fisherman's homestead. But what is this we see as we look out on the ocean again? There we behold well-known dwellings, whose foundations rest, not upon the shifting sand, but upon the unsteady waves, and ships whose counterpart may be seen in Provincetown Harbor, six miles away. It is only a freak of the magic-lantern, which, at certain hours of the day, gathers up in its mighty focal grasp the image of every object on the landward side and in the bay, and sets them down again upon the surface of the ocean in exactly the opposite direction.

The prospect here is always pleasant, though somber. It often appears to great advantage in the Autumn. Sometimes of a hazy afternoon, when the sun grows red in his face in the struggle to burst through the surrounding vapor, a rich, mellow light is shed over the commons and hill-sides, and the whole scene is transfigured. Then the haycocks out in the fields glow with gold, the miniature pine-forests assume a soft,

emerald hue, the ripe leafage of the whortleberry flames out afresh, while the blue waters of the bay seem to rise and blend with the sky.

A short distance from the light-house is a break in the cliff, and the sure-footed may here venture down by a zigzag path. At the ebb-tide there is always a broad passage in front, where you may walk in safety, and view the face of the beetling, cavernous cliff, which looks as if it meant to tumble down upon us one of these days. This is not a rock-bound coast, and there are no granite bastions springing out from the shore to meet the waves and batter them in pieces; but the compact clay upon which the cliff rests serves to retard the work of destruction and prolong the unequal contest. High up in the shining sand, just under the brow of the cliff, may be seen the inaccessible habitations of the swallows, now bustling about the doors of their domiciles, and dodging in and out, and twittering all the while with a peculiar emphasis, which indicates that some remarkable event has transpired in the colony. In the shelving places carved out by the storms are piles of driftwood, fragments of wrecks, and deals swept from the deck of a coaster in the last storm. Wood here is precious; but how shall we get it up the cliff? *Hoc opus est!* 'T would put trained Sisyphus on his muscle. Here, too, is a ship's spar thrown out high and dry. And what was the fate of the ship? What port did she sail from? What forest gave the tree so straight and fair, even as the cedar of Lebanon? Perhaps it was

"Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral."

This is the most dangerous spot upon the coast of Massachusetts, and the beach is seldom destitute of some sad memorial that tells of disaster and shipwreck.

Here, also, is the telegraph station, established with especial reference to the interests of the commercial marine. The little building used by the operator as an office stands upon a commanding situation near the light-house, and is furnished with the code of marine signals, Lloyd's Gazetteer, telescopes, and flags. Here the operator sits all day long, both Summer and Winter, and from his lofty perch surveys the ocean with the aid of his telescope. The observations made here are frequently the means of saving many valuable lives, and allaying the anxiety of the merchant. His ship has, perhaps, long been expected home from the Indies, and months have already been consumed in waiting. Day after day he sits in his counting-room, hoping every hour to hear some tidings of his rich

argosy, which is freighted with the bulk of his fortune. But still time drags on, and no intelligence reaches him, and he becomes alarmed, and falls into a feverish state of mind, like that pictured by Salarino, when he said:

"My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial."

But now his anxiety is suddenly ended. The look-out at Highland Light detects a well-known signal flying from the main of a portly ship in the offing, and at once flashes the news over the wires; and when the merchant rises to close the window of his counting-room to keep out the breeze, so full of uncomfortable suggestions, he, by chance, looks up, and beholds the private signal of his own "wealthy Andrew" flying over that building on State-street where his fellow-merchants "most do congregate." At night he goes home to his suburban villa a happy man.

Volumes might be filled with the annals of this barren coast, which, notwithstanding every possible precaution, still continues to dock many a noble ship in its treacherous sands. And then what a helpless thing is the stanchest "Liverpool liner" when once nipped among the breakers out on the bar! The little fishing-smack may pound her way through the foaming surge, and land among the beach-grass; but the unwieldy ship, crammed with the wealth of the Indies, and held fast in the maw of the quick-sands, struggles like some monster of the deep till the ribs of oak and iron give way, when comes the general wreck and the scattering of the fragments, together with the rich Oriental lading, for miles along the sandy shore. To-day, however, the sea has forgotten all its former violence, and seems innocent of all evil intentions, though, as we walk along the strand, the air is tremulous with the jar of the surf, which combs, and breaks, and rushes, dancing and gurgling up to our feet.

But while we have delayed here talking of the sea and shore, the afternoon has fled, and now the evening shadows are settling down among the cavities in the cliffs. Let us, therefore, turn homeward. Quarter of a mile toward the north there is an opening in the cliff where we regain the uplands, and strike the cart-track leading through the beach-grass.

As the sun goes down the moon rises from the bed of the ocean, and prepares to take her nightly journey through the skies, and when we

gain the uplands the cold rays of Luna burst out above the cliff, and fly across the fields and down the smooth meadows, which stretch toward Provincetown, chasing away the purple haze, and leaving instead a veil of damp sea-fog. Across the "commons" come two or three crazy wains heaped aloft with the saline spoils of the meadows, which will be spread out to-morrow to dry on the moss-covered fields. On the road we meet the cows coming from the pasture, crowding and hooking each other most unamiably, each anxious to be first in at the watering-trough; and further on may be seen the neighbors, bustling about their premises, making every thing snug for the night. And there, in a duck-pond behind the barn, is a little boy, improving the few remaining minutes of twilight to sail his miniature ship, and take his first lessons in navigation; for he already means to be a sailor, like his father and grandfather—ay, and to be drowned, too, perchance, and with them suffer *hydriotaphia* in the deep blue sea. But look again! the beacon yonder is opening its bright eye!

We began with the light-house; let us end here, and, with the old whaleman who tends the constant flame, say:

"Sail on! sail on! ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man."

FORSAKE NOT THE RIGHT.

BY H. B. WARDWELL.

IN the dark hour of peril forsake not the right,
Though the storm gather wild on the ocean at night;
If the lone bark speed true on its tempest-tossed way,
To-morrow 't will rest in the sun-lighted bay.

If foes gather round thee, forsake not the right;
Let truth cheer thee on with its beacons of light:
The hour is the darkest that heralds the morn;
That flower is the brightest that hideth the thorn.

If friends should forsake thee, forsake not the right;
Heaven's shore is before thee, immortal and bright;
The love of false friendship is valueless there;
The friends that depart only purchase despair.

If sorrow encompass, forsake not the right;
The harvest of joy shall yet gladden thy sight;
The mourner that walks through the valley of tears
Shall travel the path of the glorified years.

If war should environ, forsake not the right;
Where the banners of freedom are spread to the light,
Move onward to duty like heroes of old,
And the victor's bright wreath on thy brow shall unfold.

In the pathway of life, O forsake not the right!
Joy comes in the morning, though dark is the night;
And the hour is the darkest that heralds the morn,
The flower is the brightest that hideth the thorn.

WHITEFIELD'S EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISES IN AMERICA.

BY DAVID CREAMER.

WHATEVER were the true motives—which, Mr. Philip intimates, have never been satisfactorily explained, unless we adopt his theory—that first induced Whitefield to visit America, as a clergyman of the Church of England, "to perform ecclesiastical offices in Georgia," he soon found that promise too limited, and "the Church" too exclusive, to confine himself entirely to either. Like his tutor and spiritual father, Mr. Wesley, he, therefore, chose "the world for his parish," and, in November, 1739, we find him writing from Philadelphia: "I intend resigning the parsonage at Savannah. The Orphan House I can take care of, supposing I should be at a distance. Besides, when I have resigned the parish I shall be more at liberty to take a tour round America." And in February following, having returned to Savannah, he says, "In about two months I take another tour round America."

Closely connected with Whitefield's evangelical labors in America, and, doubtless, forming part of his great scheme for the conversion and elevation of his New World parish, was the establishment of orphan asylums, colleges, and schools, for the religious training and education of children of all classes, not excepting the Indian and negro. All these enterprises engaged his attention and shared his patronage; but none of them have received much consideration at the hands of his biographers, besides his Orphan House and colleges in Georgia, unless we except Princeton College, with its distinguished Theological Seminary, and Dartmouth College, which, says Dr. Stevens, owe their origin to the salutary effect on education produced by the revival under Whitefield, and to both of which the Methodists of England contributed their money. It is our intention to glance at some of these institutions, at least so far as they have been brought to light or to our observation.

Whitefield's first arrival in Georgia was in May, 1738, and in less than one month he had opened two schools. We quote from his journal; for we prefer to give his own account: "*Monday, June 11.* On Saturday placed one that came with me at Highgate to teach the children English, that belong to that village and Hampstead. They are about twenty in all, of French extraction; but some few of them are able to speak a little in our vulgar tongue. I thought placing a master there would be beneficial, and to-day opened a school for the girls of Savannah, a friend, whose heart God was pleased to touch

on board the ship, having, at my request, undertaken to teach them."

Just one month after the above date Whitefield visited Ebenezer, the place where the Saltz-burgers had settled and established an Orphan Asylum, in which were seventeen children and one widow. He was so much pleased with what he saw that he contributed to the minister, for the use of his orphans, part of what he calls his "poor's store." After prayer the children sung a Psalm, and then, says he, "the little lambs came and shook me by the hand one by one, and so we parted." If Whitefield had needed any additional incentive to induce him to prosecute his own design to found an Orphan House, he had now received it.

The "first brick," however, of the great house at Bethesda was not laid till March, 1740, his orphans, in the mean time, being provided for in private houses at Savannah, from which Bethesda was ten miles distant. In a letter from Savannah, dated June 7th, of the same year, having meanwhile visited Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Whitefield says, "I have brought with me a Latin master, and on Monday laid the foundation, in the name of our dear Jesus, for a *University* in Georgia." This was to be an addition or adjunct to the Orphan House. Speaking of the conversion of a clergyman in Georgia, in 1754, Mr. Philip, Whitefield's biographer, says, "This was the first student sent forth from the Orphan House. I can give no account of him; but he must have had considerable ministerial talent to commend himself to Josiah Smith's flock," at Charleston, from whom he had received a call to be their pastor. In 1764 Whitefield memorialized the Georgia Assembly for an additional grant of two thousand acres of land for his college, which was immediately voted. And in 1767 he applied, through Lord Dartmouth, to the King for "a charter like that of New Jersey," stating that he had laid the foundation of a college at Bethesda, at an expenditure of twelve thousand pounds. But the Premier required that the head of the college should be an Episcopalian, and demanded so many other modifications to be made in the charter, that Whitefield refused to receive it. To have accepted the charter as amended would have displeased many of his best friends and most liberal supporters among the Presbyterians and Baptists in America and Dissenters and Methodists in England, and violated the principles upon which the institution was founded. In 1769 Governor Wright added two wings to the building, each one hundred and fifty feet long, for the accommodation of students; and on Sabbath, January 28, 1770, Whitefield preached a sermon in the chapel be-

fore the Governor, the Speaker of the House, and members of the Assembly, who were much pleased with all they saw and heard on the occasion, a "report" of which was "ordered to be printed in the Gazette." February 10th he writes, "Blessed be God! all things are in great forwardness at Bethesda. I have conversed with the Governor in the most explicit manner, more than once, concerning an act of Assembly for the establishment of the intended Orphan House College. He most readily consents. I have shown him a draught, which he much approves of, and all will be finished at my return from the northward." He embarked at Savannah for Philadelphia in April, and died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, the following September. Bethesda soon met the same fate which twenty years afterward befell Cokesbury. The Orphan House and college were burned to the ground. Thus ended this cherished enterprise, and, as in the case of Cokesbury, there is not now one brick to mark the spot where once it raised its stately head. After the Revolutionary War, which tended to unsettle the tenure of property, the authorities of Savannah, says Belcher, "in accordance with the high regard which they still entertained for Whitefield's memory, secured whatever they could of the wreck, the proceeds of which they invested in a school for the young, which yet flourishes."

In 1773 Mr. Asbury says, "This morning the news is arrived that Mr. Whitefield's Orphan House is burnt down; whether by accident or design is not known. Some say it was by lightning. The wings are left standing; but the rest of the edifice, with all it contained, is destroyed."

Dr. Stevens thus concludes his notice of Whitefield's noblest enterprise: "For thirty-two years he had cherished it as one of the fondest objects of his life. . . . He seemed never more contented. 'I am happier,' he wrote, 'than words can express.' 'O Bethesda! my Bethel! my Peniel! my happiness is inconceivable!' This year he was to die, and it was well that his last days were not to be clouded by an anticipation of the fate which awaited this his favorite project. He felt a momentary temptation to repose in its tranquil retirement, 'but all must give way to Gospel ranging, divine employ!' and soon he was again moving northward. Early in the morning on which he started he wrote the prophetic words: 'This will prove a sacred year for me at the day of judgment. Halleluiah! come, Lord, come!'"

In 1800 Rev. Jesse Lee, the first historian of American Methodism, visited the site where Bethesda once stood, and found the two wings, which were of brick, partly standing. They

were one story high, with four chimneys in each, one of which had fallen down. The whole building was in a state of dilapidation. In one of the wings lived a small family of whites; in part of the other a family of negro slaves; and the remainder was used as a stable for horses. The brick walls which inclosed the whole of the buildings were leveled to the ground, and in many places the foundations were plowed up. No school of any kind was kept upon the premises. The General Assembly of Georgia had taken possession of the whole estate, including a plantation and the slaves which belonged to it, and the whole was rented for thirty dollars per annum.

There is in Mr. Wesley's letters to Mr. Whitefield an allusion to his twin project, written about seven months before Whitefield's death, which, we think, will not be uninteresting in this connection. The remarks of Wesley may appear rather harsh at this day, but it must be remembered that he and Whitefield were by agreement in the habit of telling each other plainly of their faults, and thinking not the less of each other on that account. Indeed, they thus proved their mutual love and friendship, which remained unbroken till death divided them. The complaint to which Mr. Wesley alludes was doubtless current at the time to a considerable extent in England. Mr. Whitefield's attention, during his last visit to that country, was largely taken up in making collections for the college, and in trying to procure a charter from the King; hence it may not be deemed very surprising that such should be the case, especially on the part of persons who had already contributed, in some instances more than once, toward the Orphan House, for which Mr. Whitefield had been in the habit of receiving subscriptions for nearly thirty years. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

Mr. Wesley says, "Some time ago, since you went hence, I heard a circumstance which gave me a good deal of concern; namely, that the college or academy in Georgia had swallowed up the Orphan House. Shall I give my judgment without being asked? Methinks friendship requires I should. Are there not, then, two points which come in view—a point of mercy and a point of justice? With regard to the former, may it not be inquired, Can any thing on earth be a greater charity than to bring up orphans? What is a college or an academy compared to this? unless you could have such a college as perhaps is not upon earth. I know the value of learning, and am more in danger of prizing it too much than too little. But, still, I can not place the giving it to five hundred

students on a level with saving the bodies, if not the souls too, of five hundred orphans. But let us pass from the point of mercy to that of justice; you had land given and collected money for an orphan house; are you at liberty to apply this to any other purpose? at least while there are any orphans in Georgia left? I just touch upon this, though it is an important point, and leave it to your own consideration, whether part of it, at least, might not properly be applied to carry on the original design? In speaking thus freely on so tender a subject, I have given you a fresh proof of the sincerity with which I am your ever affectionate friend and brother."

This extract we commend to the attention of Mr. Philip, whose nice observation it has evidently escaped, as it may afford him occasion to add another chapter to his interesting "Life and Times of Whitefield." In doing so, however, we ought perhaps to invoke more charity for Wesley than is apparent in Mr. Philip's treatment of him for his practice of sortilege, and on some other occasions.

Under date of February 28, 1740, Whitefield writes in his Journal: "Preached on Monday, and on Tuesday settled a school both for grown persons and children at Darien, [Georgia,] to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants." What follows, though not intimately connected with the school just opened, is of too interesting a character to be omitted. He continues: "Set out with my friend [Seward] and four orphans on Tuesday evening. Had pleasant weather. Lay two nights in the woods. Reached Bethesda at noon." Who can read of such disinterested and self-denying labors, and not bless the memory of the man who was capable of performing them? Well might the poet sing of him:

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere;
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was—a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ and steadiness unbrib'd,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
He followed Paul—his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same:
Like him cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he labor'd, and like him, content
To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went."

Although these lines were not written till after the death of Whitefield, they could not have been more appropriate if written at the time and on the occasion to which we have applied them. Though but twenty-five years of age he had already become alike the wonder

and admiration of two worlds—the old and new. It is indeed surprising that the "poet" should have deemed it necessary to "slur a name," which, if inserted in his poem, could tend only to enhance its interest while religion lives and the English tongue, which is destined to become the language of the world, is read or spoken. Many readers will not know to whom the "well-sounding Greek"—*Leuconomus*—refers. The same may also be said of Cowper's beautiful description of Wesley.

The inauguration of the "Barony of Nazareth," in Pennsylvania, as we have before related in another place, was celebrated on May 30, 1740, the ceremonies being conducted by the Rev. Peter Boehler, in the absence of Mr. Whitefield, who was then on his way to the South. Although the "large stone house," intended for a negro school, was diverted from its original purpose, yet it must be numbered among Whitefield's many efforts to promote religion and learning in the provinces. Nazareth is now a flourishing Moravian village, celebrated for the character of its schools.

But that was not the only institution he projected for the education of the colored population. Belcher asserts it was his intention to do the same in Virginia, but he was prevented. We shall now find that his benevolent feelings on this subject were not restrained even at the far South. Under date of August 24, 1740, writing from Charleston, South Carolina, he says: "By my advice they resolved to begin a negro school. A young stage-player, converted when I was at New York last, and who providentially came to Georgia when Mr. Jonathan Bryan was there, is to be their first master." This school, doubtless, went into operation; for sixteen years afterward Mr. Whitefield, when speaking of it, gives the name of the master, which was Hudson. He had been educated at the Charter House, London, became a faithful assistant at the Orphan House, from thence was called to the ministry, preached awhile with acceptance in London, and was then, 1756, laboring with an unblemished reputation in South Carolina. Whitefield's rule—which may be found among the general "rules" for the government of the Orphan House "college"—in regard to slave children belonging to himself was this: "The young negro boys to be baptized and taught to read; the young negro girls to be taught to work with the needle." This Mr. Philip calls a "strange distinction," and exclaims in italics, "*Lord, what is man!*" What does he mean? Does he suppose that Whitefield did not "baptize" his girls as well as boys, and have them taught to "read" like-

wise? Would not the most charitable construction of his rule be, as it seems to us the most obvious and reasonable, that *both* boys and girls were baptized and taught to read, and the *girls* taught *also* the additional, useful, and beautiful art of *needle-work*? We think there is room here for any other feeling than that of reproof or condemnation, notwithstanding Mr. Philip's pious petition, and can not but award Mr. Whitefield the meed of highest praise for his humane and Christian treatment of his own slaves and his benevolent efforts to bring about similar conduct throughout the Provinces. The number of slaves owned by Whitefield the year of his decease—1770—was fifty, classed as follows: men, twenty-four; women, eleven; children, fifteen.

In the Winter of 1763-4 Whitefield collected in New York one hundred and twenty pounds for Dr. Wheelock's Indian school at Lebanon, New Hampshire; notwithstanding the prejudices then existing against the Indians because of a threatened insurrection in the South. The sight of this "promising nursery for future missionaries," as he calls it, so inflamed his zeal for its extension that he immediately made arrangements for the celebrated Indian preacher, Occum, to visit Britain on behalf of the seminary. It was also through his influence that Lord Dartmouth was induced to become the patron of the college at Hanover, which, says Mr. Philip, Dr. Wheelock, the founder, very properly called "Dartmouth." Occum was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, and their mission was eminently successful. Occum was a classical scholar and an eloquent preacher. He occupied the pulpit of Tottenham-Court Chapel, where, says Mr. Whitefield, who was then in England, "the good, and great, and a multitude of lower degree, heard him preach, and felt much of the power and presence of the Lord." Even the king became a contributor, and the contributions in Scotland were so munificent that the grand result was nearly *fifty thousand dollars*. Occum was the author of the well-known hymn commencing,

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go."

So far as we have any knowledge the only other unnoticed building erected in America by Mr. Whitefield and his friends for educational purposes, was in Philadelphia, and was long known as the "Academy." This was a very large edifice, and was used for the double purpose of church and school-house, and was the nucleus from which grew the University of

Pennsylvania. This building vanished from human view in 1833 to give place to the more modern and elegant structure, the "Union" Methodist Episcopal Church. Some account of this institution has recently been prepared by the writer for another of our Church periodicals. As, however, the following notice is not contained in that sketch, it will form a proper conclusion to this paper. During the visit of the Rev. Richard Reese, delegate from the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England to the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, in the year 1824, when in Philadelphia, he preached in the "Academy," of which circumstance he thus writes: "On Sunday afternoon, April 4th, I preached in the Union Church, which is the south end of the old Academy—an extensive building erected by the Rev. G. Whitefield, but which had stood vacant for years, till one-half of it was purchased by our friends in 1802 and fitted up as a chapel. The other part they rent for a Sunday school. This building is the only remains of that great man's labors which I have found in that city. Indeed, academies and orphan houses are but frail memorials of the dead when unconnected with the living actions by which mankind have been benefited."

HEAVEN YEARNINGS.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

FATHER, the world is cold and bleak,
Thy home is beautiful and bright;
I almost would my weary feet
Might walk its peaceful plains to-night,
For I am weary of the strife—
The warfare waged 'twixt hopes and fears,
The sudden changing of the light
From sunny smiles to blinding tears.
I gaze upon the setting sun,
And deem that to my sight is given
A vision of the "golden gate"
Through which the pure have passed to heaven.
But are they there, the loved and true,
Who walked through childhood by my side,
Yet could not stand the rougher storms
Which later years are called to bide?
The dear, kind eyes that looked their last
So tenderly into my own,
Shall I not know them when I pass
From hence into the vast unknown?
Ah, yes, each breeze that softly sighs
Gives promise of the truth sublime;
Love is the link 'twixt earth and heaven,
And shall outlive the storms of time.
'T is love which wings the prayer of faith
Up to the court of life on high,
And love which bears in answer back
Promise of immortality.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRESENCE.

BY REV. J. D. BELL.

OF Jesus Christ it is said in the Sacred History that "*there went virtue out of him.*" In another place, in the same history, it is recorded that they—the disciples—said one to another, *Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?* They did not, in this instance, clearly know, till some time had passed, that the one with them was the Master. But they needed no proof that they were holding company with a great soul. The impression which his rich, virtue-exhaling nature made on them sufficed to show them that such was the case. By the effect of that masterly bearing and manly grandeur, by that secret burning which they experienced in their hearts, they were convinced that they were walking with no common mortal. And so it ever is when a gifted person goes along with men of ordinary endowments, and talks with them by the way. He has a commanding influence on them. He moves and sways them with his personal force, even before he has seemed to exert it. Virtue passes from him into them; and such is its effect that they treat him with deference—they refrain from vulgar speech and from profanity—they attend to what he says, and honor him by freely assenting to his opinions: in short, all of the time he and they are walking together, they show by their behavior that he is touching, penetrating, enriching their souls with emanations from his own.

Such is the power of presence. A strong mind is always making itself felt. It has been truly said that "where there is a will there is a way." The man of firmness and spirit is enabled, by the perennial exhalations which his soul gives of its own energy, to get by violent opposers with ease, and leave them behind him to tell what graceful bravery he exhibited as he passed coolly along, reaching forth in his own fashion for victory. Presence is the great way-builder for the valiant will. This lays open a route by souls, and over them, and through them; this subdues resistance without noise, and almost without seeming to fight against it; this turns half-hearted well-wishers into devoted allies, and enemies into friends. In civilizing, evangelizing, educating men, how could the power of presence be spared? It was the power of presence that secured to Columbus the patronage of the Queen of Spain, and thus got him in quest of the undiscovered lands beyond the sea. It was the power of presence that gave Paul such access to the good graces of King

Agrippa. It was the power of presence that helped most in winning for Luther his triumph before the Diet at Worms. It was the power of presence that sent the money-changers and the dove-sellers scampering out of the Temple.

Jesus, it must be conceded, had more presence-force than men can have, because he was super-human. The magnetism or virtue that went out of him did, sometimes, under his direction, pass into human bodies as well as human souls. It permeated to the sick vitals of pining invalids, darted along their veins, and arteries, and nerves, and muscular fibers, and through their rheumatic joints, driving disease out of the parts where it had long committed its ravages, and making the breath of the poor sufferers sweet with new-created health. But, though men can send forth from their souls nothing so efficacious and marvelously potent as that exhalation of energy which went from the Master, yet we may say that every person has his measure of presence-power. There is something about you which flows from yourself, and gives an impression of you exclusively. It is the atmosphere of your inner man. It is that efflux of soul-energy which makes you have an effect on those who are with you, even when you are silent. Have you never thought how influential you can be without moving a limb or a muscle? There is ample scope for you and for me to be powerful, without so much motion and parade. We say and do a thousand things to help our impressiveness, which, in fact, do but serve to prevent the going forth of our real power, and, therefore, to make us less impressive. Let us beware how we use so many affectations, and studied modes, and strained exertions, remembering, in respect to these things, that, as means of rendering our ability more clear and forcible, they tend to the contrary end far oftener than to that one. They create doubts as to what we are when we are unpretending and earnest. They, at least, show that we are weak enough to let ourselves put on airs and strain after effect. Better shall it be for us—better always—to be nobly simple. Our expression ever tells sufficiently of what is in us, when we trust our souls, and bid them look out in their own way. We then have force in our presence. We are then good company, and no one complains that we are too dull, or too reserved, or too singular. It is not necessary that we should try hard to talk. O how needlessly do many persons suffer in those seats called chairs, because of the feeling that they are not making words fast enough! They seem to have an idea that they can not be interesting in conversation, unless they are inflicting just so much wear and tear on their vocal organs, and are say-

ing something when they mean nothing. Let us empty ourselves of this false and foolish notion. We are but to have force of presence, in the time of conversation, to be counted sociable. Little may you say to him who comes to talk with you; few, indeed, may be the circumlocutions you use with him: you may be hearer rather than speaker; but if you have your soul by you, and it sheds abroad freely of its own vital energy, then shall every feature and part of you be sufficiently agreeable; you shall give your friend satisfaction, and he will no doubt honor the wish you express to him at parting, and come again.

Presence often tells of us more directly and more sweetly than do our lips. These may lie; but that never. These may divulge secrets that should not be told; but that never. These may fail to give effectiveness to one's company; but that, when it is rich and manly, always makes one's company strong and fertilizing.

In giving the philosophy of presence, it is appropriate to consider the difference which exists, between one person and another, in the spiritual exhalation. This difference will be found to lie in quantity, quality, and force; and, in some cases of comparison, it is truly very great and striking. One person has a dry, tedious presence, which makes you glad when you have got beyond its compass, since you then breathe freer and easier; another person has a thick, sticky presence, something of which adheres to you, like pitch-pine oil, when you have left him. Youth, if unblighted by disease and unpoisoned by vicious indulgence, has a sweet and fresh presence; age, on the contrary, unless great pains have been taken to keep good the verdure and the spirit of juvenility in itself, has, at best, an uninvigorating presence. "Souls," says Montaigne, "are never, or very rarely seen, that, in growing old, do not smell sour and musty." The hypochondriac has a heavy, abnormal presence, which oppresses and chokes you, like unwholesome smoke; the wit has an electric presence, which, whenever you rub your soul against it, seems to flash and crackle, like a cat's fur when you rake it with your fingers. One person has a grave and sad presence; another has a wonderfully-elastic, quickening, mirth-inspiring presence. Who has not known some individual whose exhalation of soul-energy was such, that, if you had been with him, he would have continually tempted you to throw off your dignity and be boyishly sportive? He seemed not able to do any thing or to assume any demeanor, which would make his presence less enlivening. If you had seen him weep, you would have felt to laugh; if you had seen him suffer, you would have felt to smile; if you had seen him die, you would almost have mixed the

spirit of mirthfulness with your grief, even while his dear, clever soul was passing away!

There is such a thing as weight in presence, and we have all felt it. There are weighty souls and there are light souls; and we know the two classes apart by our experience of a difference as great as that which would exist between the effect of a lump of gold in one hand, and a bunch of worthless feathers in the other. All ability that is soul-felt gives ponderousness to presence. Dignity, when it is true and simple, is but the palpable bearing of an able and majestic spirit: it is an inseparable accompaniment of weight in presence. The really dignified are they who have profound minds and noble business; and whenever you stand in their personal atmosphere, you become more grave, just as when you enter a deep forest you become graver. This is what explains how Pythagoras so won the regard of his pupils that one of them lay down and died, because he reproved him before his mates; how Columbus overawed the mutineers on his ships, and reached the goal of his ambition in spite of all their murderous discontent and plotting; how Napoleon wrought out of what seemed common stuff such marshals as Ney; and how Washington had such power over all his subordinates when they were where he could look upon them.

It is not dignity alone that works such wonders; it is dignity aided by the higher magnetism—the effluent virtue of the soul. This is the part of the weighty presence which is felt; that the part which is seen and heard. One is reality, the other sign; one is force, the other prophecy. Both these must ever go together to make the impressiveness which is essential to command. The private soldiers will soon learn to push their general, and set at naught his authority, if he has dignity without magnetic energy. The audience will soon become indifferent to their speaker, if he has oratory without magnetic eloquence. The pupils will soon drown their master's mandates and counsels in the buzzing, swelling noise of their own lawless lips, and will even go so far as to tumble him outdoors, if he has the form of government without the power thereof. And so it ever is, when the mystery of a weighty presence is all on the outside. Command has its finer secret always in the magnetism of the soul. Shakspeare brings out this truth in his play of "Antony and Cleopatra." He makes the Soothsayer thus talk with Antony:

"SOOTHSAYER:

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that is, thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar is not; but near him, thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered; therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANTONY:

Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER:

To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy luster thickens
When he shines by; I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble."

Closely connected with the topic of true weight in presence, and its two accompaniments of dignity and magnetic force—those elements of command—there is the topic of that kind of ponderousness in presence, which is superficial, affected, false. This is accompanied with dignity, and nothing better. And when dignity goes alone it is always an unmitigated sham. He that has no magnetic battery, in himself, to give impressiveness to his presence, can put on no show of weight that shall, to the eyes of wise men, seem to be more than airs and stiffness. Sham dignity is the bearing with which he of a shallow presence has learned to carry himself. In the case of aspiring conceit that has been promoted to office, it is pomposity. In the case of wealth-blown mediocrity, it is superciliousness. In the case of the religious pretender, it is sanctimoniousness. Who has never observed the style of that species of majesty which shakes hands with Greatness, and says, "How do you do?" to Fame; while the soul within itself has scarcely more magnetism or manhood than a clod or a potato? Ever does the person whose presence is shallow tell what he is, by his make-believe look and fashion. Barren of that searching force by which all fine souls are able noiselessly to penetrate, to excite, to thrill others, he has an effect on you like that of damp air on fuel. The latter gives forth too little of the element which makes wood burn; the former gives forth too little of the element which makes souls burn. O, many is the stiff-necked official who better knows the art of seeming to be something great while he is nothing, than he does the fact that genuine weight of character is indicated by simplicity of bearing! Many is the fashion-follower who is far more expert in the mimicry of false refinement, than in acting like a man. Such was he who, when Sir William Johnson returned the salutation of a negro that had bowed to him, reminded him that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," replied Sir William; "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

And here there must be a pause.

VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

XXVIII.

THE FORESHADOWING OF MAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

WE have already learned some of the lessons to be drawn from the survey of entire assemblages of animals considered in their relations to geological time. We have more than once had occasion to advert to the succession of populations which has swept over the world during the long and dimly-chronicled past. One more passage in the teaching of these sweeps of continental faunas we must here recite.

Every body knows that the hippopotamus and giraffe are denizens of the continent of Africa, and do not roam beyond its borders. The kangaroo, the ornithorhynchus, and the echidna restrict themselves to the continent of Australia; the gibbon, the royal tiger, the gavia, the nautilus to tropical Asia; the sloth, the armadillo, the tapir, the lama, the vicuña to South America, while the continent of North America is characterized by its large Herbivora, like the buffalo, the elk, the deer, the Rocky Mountain antelope, sheep, and goat, and numerous smaller species are entirely peculiar to the same quarter of the world, such as the Virginian opossum, the shrew mole, the star-nosed mole, the muskrat, the snapping turtle, the gar pike, and the king crab. If we consider those areas of the earth's surface so isolated from each other by climatic and hydrographical conditions as to offer the most emphatic realization of the idea of continental seclusion, we must unite Europe, Asia, and Africa into one area which may be designated the Oriental continent. We shall then see that the larger and more conspicuous mammalian types of each continent give its fauna an expression identical with that of a certain order of mammals. Each continent is characterized, therefore, by its dominant order—

The ORIENTAL by its *Carnivores*,
NORTH AMERICA by its *Herbivores*,
SOUTH AMERICA by its *Edentates*,
AUSTRALIA by its *Marsupials*.

Zoologically the four continents sustain rank in the order in which they are named. The tail-less quadrumana which are confined to the Oriental continent causes its aspect to be turned still more upward, while the African department of it is somewhat depressed by the presence of its odd-toed Herbivores—the giraffe, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and elephant.

This disparity of rank in the four continental

divisions of the land-surface is not a feature confined to the existing creation. It has been growing up through ages. During the Palæozoic Period, even to the close of the coal epoch, the progress of life was marked by great similarity on all the continents. Indeed, the great natural features which circumscribe the continents and specialize the conditions of different quarters of the world were then only developing, like an oak from its germ. The American continent was dignified by as beautiful and highly-organized a population as that which possessed the waters that floated over the Oriental land. But during the later ages the Oriental continent enjoyed undisputed supremacy. The king crab, which is to-day a denizen of our New England shores, is only a lost prince of a royal house which had its abundant representatives on the British reefs of the Palæozoic ages, and was afterward succeeded by the chiefs of a higher dynasty. The gar pikes of our north-western waters are equally the refugees of a noble Devonian and Carboniferous family, which the progress of higher ideas drove from Europe. The Herbivores of America were represented by the fauna of the European earlier Tertiary, while the Marsupials of Australia strayed down the ages of European history from the Jurassic to the Tertiary, and the Australian trigonias, terebratulas, and cestraciont fishes were European types during epochs equally remote. The sloths, and ant-eaters, and armadillos of South America were preceded on that continent by the gigantic *Megatherium*, the *Glyptodon*, and other edentates. The buffalo, the deer, the goat, and antelope of North America are only the successors of the Tertiary titanotherium, rhinoceros, oreodon, camelops, mastodon, and other Herbivora, many of which attained dimensions vastly greater than their living analogues. So also on the Oriental continent the existing lions, tigers, hyenas, and elephants are only diminutive representatives of their Tertiary predecessors.

Geological facts, therefore, show conclusively that the contrasts in the zoological rank of the different continents began to exist ages ago; that the zoological orders which at present distinguish the different continents have been dominant features through one or more geological periods, and that the Oriental continent has long taken the lead in animal development—the existing fauna of North America corresponding somewhat to that of the earlier Tertiary of Europe, and that of Australia and New Zealand to the Jurassic age. The present stage of development on the other continents was reached and passed a cycle of years ago

upon the Oriental continent. Here was a hastening onward and upward in the line of organic improvement. The epoch of higher animals was attained long before it was reached on the other continents. Are we not permitted to think there was something prophetic in this disposition of events? Can we not trace even here the thread of destination which was to lead to the final consummation? Is not all this maturing preparation in Oriental lands a clear proof to our eyes that nature contemplated the culmination of organic improvement in that quarter of the globe? Viewing the facts which our finite powers under the difficulties inseparable from the cause have brought together, suppose an intelligent being living in the Tertiary age of the world had been asked where probably should the human race ripen into existence, where could he have pointed but to the land where the largest and most numerous fishes lived in the reign of fishes; where the most ponderous and terrible reptiles reigned in the age of reptiles; where the first known mammal emerged from non-existence and flashed glimpses of a million future years far back into the dark Jurassic age; where the earliest Carnivores and the earliest four-handed monkeys again proclaimed that the eastern continent was destined to maintain its precedence? In the logic of events, where could be the birthplace of man but in that quarter of the world in which our Scriptures have given us the account of his creation?

XXIX.

SHALL THERE BE AN ANIMAL SUPERIOR TO
MAN?

What we have said of development, according to methods as pursued by the Creator, can not fail to suggest the inquiry, "Is man destined to be the last term of this series of improving types?" We reply, that while this is peculiarly a question to be answered by revelation, science affords some intimations which tend to assure us in the possession of the dignity which we now enjoy as the Archonts of the visible creation.

In the first place it will appear from considerations to be hereafter presented, that the earth has passed through a long series of preparatory stages; and since the glacial epoch has been ripe for the consummation of the greatest achievements of creative skill which the world is destined to witness. The day of preparation is passed—the harvest of possession and enjoyment is at hand—the next cycle will be one of senescence and dissolution. If infinite Power has not availed itself of the opportunity for which a thousand ages have been ripening, then

it would seem that Infinite Wisdom has committed an error. It can not be so. The goal of continental development has been reached, and animal development, which has always heretofore kept pace with the progress of material preparation, has also reached its goal, and man is the apex of the towering pyramid of life.

In the next place the world has been visited by no cosmopolite but man. In the earliest ages of animal existence species enjoyed an extended geographical range, both because the undeveloped condition of the world's physical features had not yet specialized definite regions, and given existence to local conditions, and because the animals themselves were as little specialized in their functions and adaptations, and were consequently little disturbed by a variation of surrounding circumstances. In later periods the world's features became more and more localized, and the higher forms of animals corresponding thereto were correspondingly restricted in their range. In the age of mammals the physical features of the globe were nearly complete, and we find the mammals of the period most narrowly restricted in their habitat. When, therefore, in the next age that animal was to be created in which the law of specialization of functions was to be carried to the greatest extent—an animal with such a multitude of sides that it would seem but one place would exactly fit the requirements of his complex nature—who would expect that he would prove the least restricted of all? It would seem as if the influence of specialization of functions had passed its limit in the quadrupeds, and that in the next term, man, it appeared on the opposite side of the coördinates under an altered value, and that value infinity itself, as the range of the human race is universal. No possibility exists of a succeeding term in which a range more than universal shall be enjoyed. As man, therefore, is the only animal possessed of a moral nature—the only animal capable of speaking and smiling—the only animal that can contemplate a future existence—so his exemption from the law which confines all other animals to particular limits while he is left in possession of the whole earth, seems to preclude the idea of a successor which should wield a more universal dominion or possess the higher endowments which should demand a wider scope for their exercise.

And finally, the very attitude of man proclaims the highest possible chieftainship. Vertebrate life dawned in the humble fish which hangs suspended horizontally in the water. It then rose to the groveling reptile, which moves

with its head alone raised above the ground. It next appeared in the bird and quadruped, in which the entire body was brought to an oblique position. In the monkeys the attitude was more erect, but in man only of all creation is the perpendicular position natural and easy.

"Frona cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit: cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

It is evident that further improvement in this direction is impossible, and we hence derive another intimation of the validity of that universal conviction of our human nature, that in the economy of God next above man we have only the angels.

XXX.

POPULAR BELIEFS IN PERIODICAL CATASTROPHES TO THE UNIVERSE.

Whence come we, and whither are we tending? Whence came the great globe which we inhabit? What vicissitudes has it undergone? What is its final destination? And when the drama of the world is closed, what then? These questions force themselves upon the attention of every thinking person. In all ages the human mind has grappled with them. The ancient Egyptians fancied that the heavens and earth originated in a promiscuous pulp. From this the elements separated of their own accord, fire sprang to the upper regions, the air began to move. The warmth of the sun bred living creatures innumerable in the plastic mud, and these, according to the predominance of the various elements, betook themselves to the air, the water, or the solid land. Man was generated from the slime of the River Nile. By a gradual improvement of the lower creatures, and a gradual perfection of the globe, the world became what the Egyptian found it, and was destined to flourish through an interval of time expressed by their annus magnus, or great year—a cycle composed of the revolutions of the sun, moon, and planets, and terminating when these return together to the same sign whence they were supposed to have set out. The duration of this great cycle, according to Orpheus, was 120,000 years, according to others it was 300,000, and by Cassander it was taken to be 360,000 years. At the end of each great year or cycle the world was supposed to be subjected to the destructive ordeal of fire or water by which it was renovated to become the abode of a regenerated race of men.

The Hindoo cosmogony, which was fanciful in the extreme, represents the Superior Unknown as thinking within himself, "I will create

worlds." Water is then brought into being. From a germ dropped into this ocean is developed the mundane egg. In this Brahma creates himself, and then, moving upon the waters, becomes ancestral creator of all things besides. The sun springs from his eye, the air from his ear, the fire from his mouth. Brahma further proceeds to create the founders of the four Hindoo castes, and develop his energies into a succession of intermediate creative beings, from the last of which originated gods, saints, giants, celestial bodies, and mankind. Brahma, having accomplished his task, "changes the time of energy for the hour of repose." He sleeps during 4,320 millions of years, a day of Brahma, at the end of which period the world is destroyed by fire, and has to be created over again. At the end of a hundred years, each consisting of 360 days of Brahma, he himself and all things with him will cease to exist.

The Gaulish Druids held that the universe was immortal, but destined to survive catastrophes both of fire and water.

The Aztecs, according to Humboldt, felt the curiosity common to man in every stage of civilization, to lift the veil which covers the mysterious past and the more awful future. They sought relief, like the nations of the old continent, from the oppressive idea of eternity by breaking it up into distinct periods or cycles of time, each of several thousand years' duration. There were four of these cycles, and at the end of each, by the agency of one of the elements, the human family was swept from the earth and the sun blotted from the heavens to be again rekindled.

These vague ideas of cyclical destructions and renovations, entertained equally by the semi-civilized nations of the East and the West, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as Lyell suggests, by supposing them to have grown out of traditional accounts of extraordinary deluges, earthquakes, and other destructive occurrences, any of which may fall far short of our idea of the conflagration of the globe or the destruction of all living beings by water. Others, probably, while unable to refer these popular beliefs to events of a local character, would still agree with Lyell in the opinion that the destructions and renovations of the hymns of the Vedas and the institutes of Ménu were contemplated as affecting only the earth itself without involving the entire created universe. But why may we not appropriately concede so much to the vastness of scope and sublimity of conception of these sacred writings of the Orientalists, as to admit that the main features of their cosmogony are either the lofty generalizations

of the human mind from the same facts which have borne modern geology to the sublimest pinnacle of scientific contemplation, or else, like the universal conviction of immortality, are truths implanted by the Divine Being in the very constitution of human nature? Indeed, we see strong reasons for believing that both in the conception of the Oriental philosopher and in the constitution of the universe all material nature is involved in secular vicissitudes. We propose to devote the present article and the following to a series of suggestions converging toward a proof that the mighty æons which Geology claims for her accommodation, are but the seconds of immeasurable cycles through which the universe of matter sweeps in the evolution of its myriad phenomena.

XXXI.

SOME THOUGHTS ON PERPETUAL MOTION.

The chimera of perpetual motion attempts to ground itself on the proposition that *every result must equal its cause* without first considering whether in any given case the result is not inevitably multiform and developed in various directions, so as to preclude the possibility of consolidating it again in the form of a second cause mathematically equal to the first. That which necessitates the absurdity of perpetual motion has a wider meaning than most people in their philosophy "have dreamed of." Let us look at the matter a little.

Casting aside all regard for the kinks into which modern physical philosophy has been tied by such *elucidators* of truth as Kant, Morell, Comte, and Mansel, we shall be sufficiently intelligible when we employ the ordinary language in stating that matter, though in its essence perfectly inert, is generally regarded as being endowed with certain properties or powers. Some of these properties, like attraction, repulsion, and chemical affinity, are *active* in their nature, and tend to produce motion. Others, as impenetrability, are *passive*, and tend to resist an impulse to motion. Every active force is of necessity constantly active, and is constantly developing motion, unless opposed and neutralized by an equal resisting force. Motion, generated, continues till met by such a resisting force. Thus the acorn, while still adhering to its parent stem, is acted upon by gravity without the production of motion, because another force, acting contrary to gravity, maintains the connection between the acorn and the parent branch. By and by the latter force is partly overcome by another force—probably a chemical one—and the acorn begins to move downward in obedience to gravity. The

descent continues till arrested by the resisting surface of the soil.

Again, the active, repulsive force of the heat of a Summer day rarefies a portion of the atmosphere by the removal of its constituent atoms to greater distances from each other. The surrounding heavier air, therefore, by its excess of gravity, is set in motion toward the place of the rarefied air, and actually displaces it by forcing it upward. Thus, so far as gravity is concerned, an equilibrium results, and a state of rest is attained. As a fact, however, the same forces which disturbed the equilibrium and initiated motion continue to exert themselves and perpetuate motion along appointed paths.

In obedience to gravity the rain falls from the clouds, gathers itself in little rills, all of which tend toward the lowest point till they reach the rivulet, the rivulet moves on toward the river, and the river winds its steady way to the ocean, which rests in the lowest depressions of the earth's surface. The reaction of the ocean-bed brings the moving water to a state of rest.

The excited thunder-cloud effects an electric discharge between itself and the earth, and all phenomena resulting from a loss of equilibrium of the electricities cease. So of chemical forces. So of every species of force. Motion lasts only till the moving force is met by an equal opposing one, when equilibrium and rest result. Out of this simple mechanical truth grows the startling proposition that the machinery of the universe, like that of a watch, is running down, and like that of a watch demands the care of a Superintending Intelligence to perpetuate its operations. It is a physical impossibility that a *complicated set* of forces, any more than a single force, should continue to act forever in one direction, or should, without a waste of force, generate a result which should exactly equal the original motive force, and thus complete the circle of "perpetual motion." There is no work so great but that it may be accomplished by any force however small; and there is no expenditure of force without a waste in the form of motion, caloric, electricity, light, or some other form of force, which it is thence impossible to recall to its original status. It is no more rational to suppose that the properties of matter can forever keep the cosmical machine in running order than to imagine that human skill can so combine them as to effect a similar result on a smaller scale.

But perpetual motion as a result of human contrivance is troubled with "friction," it is said, while the cosmical machine moves on the

wheels of thought and the pinions of light. Not too fast, for the creak of friction is heard among the stars. The Creator could have made a universe exempt from the interference of friction, as he could have made it without light or without a thinking intelligence. But we must reason upon the universe as it is.

But the waters of the earth, the air, and the sea, circulate in a perpetual round, you say, and must continue to do so while the forces of matter remain as they are. The earth revolves about the sun in obedience to some primitive impulse, balanced between two contending forces, and we see no reason why, when the circuit is once completed, it may not be completed a million times, or an indefinite number of times. The continuance of these movements, we reply, is physically impossible, unchanging and regular as they appear to the ordinary observer. A deeper insight into the meaning of the changes going on before our eyes will convince us that all these natural movements have their limitations.

We rest here in the general proposition that all motion generated by a physical force is tending toward rest, and must ultimately attain it. The rest, resulting from the equilibrated condition of the first force, may, it is true, be disturbed by the action of a second force; but this disturbance can only last till the second force attains *its* equilibrium. Should this equilibrium be destined to disturbance by a third force, such disturbance can only last till this force attains its equilibrium. So, whatever number of forces may succeed each other and coöperate in the perpetuation of motion, a last force must finally be reached whose equilibrium is not thus destined to disturbance. The denial of this proposition drives us to one of the following alternatives: first, that there exists in nature an endless series of causation—the remotest assignable cause hanging still upon another cause not higher than a material force—a conclusion entirely at variance with our ideas of a Primal cause; or, secondly, that one or more of the series of causes can act in different modes, so that what had just been done is presently undone, or done differently, and thus new conditions created for the renewed activity of other forces. But the supposition of a change in the mode of action of any force or cause contradicts the fundamental axioms of philosophy. We have no authority for such an assumption, and are not at liberty to resort to it.

All the material forces, therefore, in the universe, both mechanical and physiological, with their actions and reactions, their equilibria and

perturbations, are tending gradually toward a general and permanent rest. The threads of their mutual connection may be closely interwoven, but somewhere there is a beginning and an end. Within the grand cycle of their active lifetime apparent circles may be described, but, like the eddies in a river stream, they are lost in the general current, or, like the gyrations of a disk descending through the sea, they are only apparent, and wend their way toward ultimate rest. The same exact conditions are never reproduced.

XXXII.

SHALL THE MOUNTAINS BE LEVELED?

Let us make a more particular application of the principles stated to the vicissitudes of our earth. Were the great globe and every thing upon its surface in a state of rest, who could say that this condition had not existed from eternity, and should not continue to exist? Certainly the presumption would be fair that the forces of matter would prove forever inadequate to the task of breaking up the stagnation.

But we come upon our planet and discover every thing in a state of change. Life is appearing and disappearing. The storms of heaven are beating upon the mountain's brow and creating *débris* which the torrent bears to the plain below, and the river transports to the ocean's bed. The tireless surge is gnawing at the rock-bound shore throughout the whole extent of the circumambient sea, and mouthful by mouthful the continents and the islands are being swallowed up by the insatiate deep. What does this portend? The very existence of such changes in a state of progress argues both a beginning and an end of the present order of things. Had these causes been in operation from all eternity every thing which it is possible for geological agencies to effect would have been effected an eternity since, and nature would now be in a state of unbroken rest. On the other hand, the future ages must see accomplished the labor which we behold in progress. It can not require an eternity to level the mountains and transport them to the sea. This is a finite work. The mandate has been heard, and the "everlasting" Cordilleras shall obey. From its cloud-environed altitude the granite shall come down by piecemeal, and the Alps shall bow as humble as the vale. And, not content with the humiliation of the monarchs of the hills, a thousand impetuous torrents and playful brooks, and staid and matronly rivers shall bear them onward to the sea, and bury them lower than the plain they have frowned

upon. The little stream that has labored for ages to dig the channel through which it wends its way shall bear its incessant freight of sediment to the lower levels till continents have been pared off to the ocean's surface, and the domineering sea, holding of old an undisputed sway from pole to pole, shall again assert his ancient dominion and trample under his impetuous feet the shores which ages since spurned him from their domain. The sea shall reign again supreme—a universal film of water, with all that was of Alp, and continent, and island, and human monuments—temple, city, aqueduct, and bridge—shall be strewn over many a million square miles of sea-bottom.

Where, then, is the place for man? What has become of the human race? Gone—gone to its destiny. How clearly inevitable, then, is the limit of the duration of the human family!

But there are counteracting causes, you say, which shall avert the destruction of the continents and secure our race a permanent foothold. If the time has been when the sea swept over all the lands, and by degrees the continents have been rescued from his dominion, is it not clear that the tendency of things is the other way? Volcanic forces may continue to increase the inequalities of the earth's surface, and thus more than compensate for the disintegration of the land. To this we reply with two suggestions: First, there are many evidences that the forces of disintegration have for many ages been gaining upon the elevatory forces. All the mountains are hundreds of feet, and the larger mountains thousands of feet, lower than they have been. Whatever may have been the relative energy of elevatory forces in former times the scales are now turned against them, and observation shows that they have passed their climax. Secondly, all geological records teach us that the vicissitudes which the earth has undergone have been diminishing in intensity from the earliest times. The oldest disruptions annihilated entire populations, and transformed the physical aspect of the globe. Later the destructions have become gradually less total and the physical disturbances less violent. It would be unreasonable to suppose these forces are not destined to continue on the wane. They can never recover their ascendancy, therefore, over the leveling agencies which contend against them.

If man, therefore, has not quitted the earth before the final triumphant career of the ocean surges that event will sweep him forever from its surface. Marine animals, it is true, may survive through another chapter of the earth's history, thus being the last animal forms to

quit the planet, as they were the first to people it.

The vague belief entertained by a few that the human race is destined to be succeeded by a higher race is rendered absurd by the incompetency of volcanic forces to create a new continent after they shall have proved insufficient to maintain existing ones. Our successors, therefore, must be either aquatic or aerial in their habits—modes of life which, from the analogies of the present creation, would mark them lower rather than higher in the scale of being.

TRIAL OF ENGLISH BISHOPS.

A SCENE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY A. D. FIELD.

SOON as Luther's Reformation began to bear sway in Germany, Henry VIII, of England, for selfish purposes, threw off the Papal yoke and established a Church of which he himself was head. The new order of things, however, did not come in without opposition, and if the leading classes were Protestant it was more because compelled to it than because of any heart-conversion. This state of things made the religion of England in its transition state a changing affair for a long series of years. The succeeding heirs of the British throne, being reared under different circumstances, changed the order of things as each received the crown. From the time of Henry VIII to the incident I have undertaken to record, the days of peaceful Edward VI, of Bloody Mary, of the maiden Elizabeth, of Cromwell, had passed, and England had become Protestant in form, in spirit, and in Parliament. Charles II had reigned a professed Protestant, but in heart a hypocrite, and in life dissolute, and in 1685 we find James II, a violent Catholic, upon the throne. The King by general influences and by private efforts set about the restoration of Catholic forms. The vigilant spirit of the nation became aroused, and there existed a want of union between the king and his people.

Step by step he proceeded in his designs. Catholics were put in the highest offices of the English Church, and men turned Catholic that they might receive the King's favors. The court consisted chiefly of Catholics, and one by one the lords and State ministers fell into the Catholic ranks. The consummation of the King's highest design was to call a Parliament, elected under his own supervision, that would mold the religious forms of the country to suit his

Papal tastes. To accomplish this a proclamation, in which he took the liberty to dispense with certain statutes that were in his way, was issued, making known his will and wishes to the people. This Declaration he ordered to be read in all the pulpits of London. Time-serving Government officials had bent to his purpose, but there were thousands of ministers who were not to be so easily molded over. There were not many vicars of Bray who made it a principle to hold their livings, no matter in what other things they changed.

The time for reading the Declaration furthering the Popish designs of the King was so near at hand little time was left for consultation, but each clergyman for himself rose up in opposition to the purposes of the King. It was a work they could not do—this forwarding Catholic interests in pulpits of Protestant England. A meeting of bishops of the English Church was held. They came to the conclusion that the Declaration ought not to be read. They drew up a petition to the King, asserting their loyalty, but denying the power of the King to dispense by his own authority with ecclesiastical statutes. From this last consideration they considered the Declaration illegal, and thought they could not with a good conscience publish an illegal document in the house of God. This petition was signed by the archbishop and by six of his bishops. This was late on Friday evening; the Declaration was to be read on Sunday morning. It was hence necessary that the petition should be presented to the King as soon as possible. The bishops set out immediately, and were admitted to the royal presence. The King had heard that the bishops had concluded to accede to his wishes, and therefore received them graciously. But on reading the paper his countenance grew dark.

"This," he said, "is a great surprise to me. I did not expect this from your Church, especially from some of you. This is a standard of rebellion."

The bishops protested their loyalty, but the King in wrath continued to repeat the words, "This is a standard of rebellion!"

"Rebellion!" said one of them. "For God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. Remember that my family fought for the crown. Remember how I served your Majesty when Monmouth was in the West."

"We put down the last rebellion," said Lake, "and we shall not raise another."

"We rebel!" exclaimed Turner. "We are ready to die at your Majesty's feet."

"Sir," said Bishop Ken, author of the *Doxology*, in a manly tone, "I hope you will grant

to us that liberty of conscience you grant to all mankind."

Still the King raved on: "This is a rebellion! This is a standard of rebellion! Did ever a good Churchman question the dispensing power before? Have not some of you preached for it and written for it? It is a standard of rebellion! I will have my Declaration published."

"We have two duties to perform," said Ken; "our duty to God and our duty to your Majesty. We honor you, but we fear God."

"Have I deserved this?" broke in the King; "I, who have been such a friend to your Church? I did not expect this from you. I will be obeyed! My Declaration shall be published! You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you hear? Go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper; I will not part with it. I will remember you that have signed it."

"God's will be done!" said Ken.

"God has given me the dispensation power," said the King, "and I will maintain it. I tell you there are yet seven thousand of your Church that have not bowed the knee to Baal."

The King spoke truly, yet not in the sense in which he intended to speak.

The bishops went their way. That very night the petition they had put into the hands of the King was issued from the press and hawked about the streets. Near five thousand dollars' worth of them were sold, so high did the excitement run among the people, for the populace watched with anxious solicitude to see what course their ministers would take. A letter, the authorship of which was unknown, was circulated through the kingdom, rallying the clergy to opposition.

"If you read this Declaration," said the letter, "we fall to rise no more. We fall unpitied and despised. We fall amid the curses of a nation our compliance will have ruined."

The conduct of the bishops was extolled by public acclamation, and all awaited with deep suspense the portending sequel.

Sunday morning came. Around London were some hundred parish churches. In only four of these was the Declaration read. At St. Gregory's, as soon as the minister began to read, the whole congregation rose and left the house. The minister at St. Matthew's was also left alone in his desk. Samuel Wesley, father of John Wesley, took for his text, "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy god, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." The officiating minister of St. James Palace had the courage to disobey the order. At Westminster Abbey Sprat, Bishop

of Rochester, officiated. He chose to read the Declaration. As soon as he commenced the reading the murmuring of the people drowned his voice, and as the concourse crowded out of the house the Bishop trembled so that the paper shook in his hand.

It was a trying time, and the lukewarm religionists clustered around their national Church with a zeal worthy of martyrs. Never did the English Church seem to have such a hold on the affections of the people as on that day. Disunion among Protestants seemed to have become extinct. Dissenter and Churchman stood side by side in opposition to the King's Papal encroachments. The Declaration was to be read on two successive Sabbaths. The intervening week passed away in deep anxiety. Another day of conflict drew on. The churches were never so thronged. As on the previous Sunday few undertook to read the Declaration. The disobedient minister of St. James had been displaced, and the minister of the second Sabbath was so agitated when he attempted to read the paper he could not speak distinctly. The King had raised a storm before which he himself quailed. But he had taken a stand; to recede was humbling to kingly pride, to go on was flying into the fire of revolution. For like causes his father, Charles I, had been beheaded, and he, if he would, might take warning. He resolved to go on. Before a love of the Papal Church had induced him to effort—now, in addition to all this, the pride of a king was aroused, and clouds lowered over London black and threatening.

The bishops had taken the lead, and it was fitting they should be made the first examples. They were ordered to appear before the King and Council. The Declaration was to have been read on the 20th of May, 1688; on the evening of June 8th the seven bishops appeared before the King. Their petition, like a grim witness, was lying on the table. The Chancellor took it up, and, showing it to Archbishop Sancroft, asked, "Is this the paper which your Grace wrote, and which the six bishops present delivered to his Majesty?"

Sancroft looked at the paper and turned to the King, answering, "Sir, I stand here a culprit. I never was so before. . . . But since I am so unhappy as to be in this situation your Majesty will not be offended if I avail myself of my lawful right to decline saying any thing which may criminate me."

"This," said the King, "is mere chicanery. I hope your Grace will not do so ill a thing as to deny your own hand."

"Sir," said Bishop Lloyd, "all divines agree

that persons situated as we are may refuse to answer such a question."

The King became angry.

"Sir," said Sancroft, "I am not bound to accuse myself. Nevertheless, if your Majesty positively commands me to answer I will do so in the confidence that a just and generous Prince will not suffer what I say in obedience to his orders to be brought in evidence against me."

"You must not capitulate with your sovereign," said the Chancellor.

"No," said the King, "I will not give any such command. If you choose to deny your own hands I have nothing more to say to you."

The bishops were several times sent out and then recalled. At last James positively commanded them to give answer. They all acknowledged their handwriting. They did it, however, under the supposition that it was understood that their answer should not be used as evidence.

A warrant for libel was now issued against them, and, refusing to give bail, they were commanded to be imprisoned in the Tower. They were at once conveyed in a barge from the palace to the prison.

While the bishops were before the Council the people were awaiting by thousands the issue of the examination, and when it was learned that they were being conveyed to the Tower all rushed to the Thames, and as the barge passed along loud, deafening shouts arose and swelled along the anxious concourse. The warm exclamation, "God bless your lordships!" was uttered by thousands of voices. The King in alarm ordered soldiers to be multiplied as a guard around the Tower; but the very soldiers drank health to the bishops, and bowed down before them as they passed, asking their blessing as if they were holy martyrs.

The prelates remained in prison only a week. On the 15th of June they were brought before the King's Bench. They were then set at liberty and permitted to retire to their homes till their trial, which should commence in two weeks. When the people saw them retiring without guard and at liberty they supposed the affair ended, and that the bishops had triumphed. Under this impression they mounted steeples, mounted roofs of houses, climbed to every accessible height, and raised their wild "hurrah!" Crowds shouted, bells rang, the clamor of rejoicing went up as London had never heard it before. The people crowded around the bishops for a blessing, and when night came on bonfires lighted up the parks of the city. The

news spread over England, and every-where joy prevailed. Trelawney, one of the seven, was specially beloved in Cornwall. All over the county the peasants chanted a ballad, of which the burden is still remembered—

"And shall Trelawney die? and shall Trelawney die? Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."

The miners from their caverns reëchoed the song with a variation—

"Then twenty thousand under ground will know the reason why."

Every step the King took forward was fraught with danger. His ministers were appalled, and strove to urge the King to adopt peaceful measures.

"I will go on," he said. "I have been only too indulgent. Indulgence ruined my father."

And the King went on!

At length the 29th of June, the day appointed for the trial, came on. There was a packed jury, and the judges of the King's Bench were tools of the King. The counselors on the part of the Crown were Powis, Williams, Trinder, and Shower; on the part of the bishops were gathered all that was talented and noble in the country. The audience was such as had never been seen before. Peers of the realm and notabilities of every kind filled the seats, while the streets for squares were packed with people.

The trial commenced. The charge against the bishops was that they had written and published in the county of Middlesex a false, malicious, and seditious libel. Just as if the humble petition of those bishops pleading for an excuse from reading the Declaration was a libel! A humble prayer a libel!

It was first tried on the part of the King's counsel to prove the *writing*. Several persons were called to prove this, but no plain answer could be obtained. The bishops' counsel pleaded that there was no evidence to go before jury. Two of the judges were of the same opinion, and the hopes of the people rose high. Just then Powis called into the witness-box a person who had acted as clerk before the Privy Council. He testified that he had heard the bishops acknowledge their signatures. This was decisive. Pemberton on the part of the bishops stopped the witness, and insisted on having all that passed between the King and the accused related.

"That is a pretty question!" cried Williams.

"Do you think," said Powis, "that you are at liberty to ask our witnesses any impertinent question that comes into your head?"

"He is sworn," said Pollexfen, "to tell the truth and the whole truth, and an answer we must and will have."

The witness prevaricated, and claimed the protection of the court. He had gotten himself into bad business. But Powis again interposing said, "If you persist in asking such a question tell us at least what use you mean to make of it."

Pemberton replied, "This, my lords, I will answer Mr. Attorney. I will deal plainly with the court. If the bishops acknowledged this paper under a promise from his Majesty that their confession should not be used against them I hope that no unfair advantage will be taken of them."

"You put on his Majesty what I dare hardly name," exclaimed Williams; "and since you will be so pressing I demand that the question be recorded."

"What do you mean, Mr. Solicitor?" interposed Sawyer.

"I know what I mean," said Williams; "I desire that the question be recorded in court."

"Record what you will, I am not afraid of you, Mr. Solicitor," said Pemberton.

Upon this arose a noisy dispute, which puzzled the Chief Justice to allay. At length the witness was compelled to give a full account of what had passed; but it appeared the King had made no express agreement; if any at all it was only an implied one.

The writing was now proved, but a new difficulty arose. It was necessary to prove that it was written in the county of Middlesex. This could not be done. It was even proved that it was written at Lambeth. The King was defeated, and again a speedy acquittal was expected. But the King's counsel changed their tactics, and undertook to prove that the writing was published in the county of Middlesex. Here great difficulties arose. The presentation of the petition to the King was admitted to be a publication, but how could this be proved? No person was in the room at the time but the bishops and the King. Several witnesses were examined, but no one was found who knew any thing about the delivery. It seemed again that the bishops had triumphed. The case for the Crown was closed. The Chief Justice was gathering up his papers to give his charge to the jury, and as no evidence was before them they would have been obliged to bring in a verdict of acquittal. Just then Finch, one of the bishops' counsel, wished to be heard. He wished to add blows to an expiring cause. His colleagues induced him to sit down, and urged the Justice to proceed. This delay was

fatal. A messenger hurried in and informed the King's counsel that Lord Sunderland, one of the King's ministers, could witness to the publication, and that he would be in the court immediately. The aspect of affairs changed. The joy that sat on the countenances of the audience gave place to vexation, and Finch, as the cause of the new trouble, was looked upon with aversion.

Sunderland came in his sedan chair. Many voices muttered "Popish dog" as he passed by. He stood up, pale and trembling, and asserted that the bishops informed him they had a petition to present to the King, and that they were admitted into the royal closet for the purpose of presenting it. This testimony, with the fact that the writing was in the hands of the King after the bishops departed, was deemed sufficient to prove the publication.

The affair was not yet ended, however. Was the paper a *false*, *malicious*, and *seditionous* libel? In discussing this question the merits of the quarrel between the King and the country came up. For three hours the bishops' counsel strove to prove from the journals of Parliament that the bishops had affirmed no more than was true when they had stated that the King had no authority independent of Parliament to dispense with religious statutes. Somers, a young but talented member of the bar, spoke last. He said that "'false' the paper was not, for every fact which it set forth had been proved from the journals of Parliament to be true; 'malicious' the paper was not for the defendants had never sought an occasion for strife, but had been placed by the Government in such a position that they must either oppose the royal will or violate the most sacred obligations of conscience and honor; 'seditionous' the paper was not, for it had not been scattered by the writers among the rabble, but delivered privately into the hands of the King; a 'libel' it was not, but a decent petition, such as by the laws of England, nay, by the laws of imperial Rome, by the laws of all civilized States, a subject who thinks himself aggrieved may with propriety present to the sovereign."

The attorney on the part of the King spoke but a few minutes, but Williams, the Solicitor, spoke long. His pleading was filled with bitterness, and was interrupted by the clamor and hisses of the spectators. The Chief Justice himself stood affronted by the slang of the unconscionable Solicitor.

It was dark when the jury retired. They spent the night in consultation. Voices of dispute were heard within the room. At first nine were for acquitting and three for convict-

ing. Two of the minority soon gave way, but Arnold, a tool of the King, was obstinate. He was ready for a verdict of guilty, but eleven held out. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he said, to argument or debate. His conscience was not satisfied, and he should not acquit the bishops.

"If you come to that," said Austin, "look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a *libel* here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe."

It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon noised abroad that the jury were unanimous, but the verdict was as yet held a secret. The court assembled at ten o'clock. The news had gone out that the verdict was ready, and crowds greater than ever swarmed the streets. The jury appeared in their places. The verdict was called for, and Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not guilty."

The words were no sooner uttered than Lord Halifax sprang up waving his hat. At this signal the crowds around the galleries raised the shout, which was taken up by the crowds in the hall, and three loud hurrahs arose, making the roof of the building to tremble. People in boats on the Thames, people in the streets over the city, people in the far distance that could not get near, took up the sound, and the shout that was rung upon the ears of the King that day ought to be a warning to despots forever. Gunpowder joined its voice with the human shout, and flags waved in triumph. The shoutings passed away, and a deeper feeling took possession of the multitude. Loud sobbings were heard on every side, and tears fell from thousands of sparkling eyes. Horsemen flew from the capital to carry the news to the nation.

Solicitor Williams strove to bring the shouters to punishment, but in vain. He made his way from the court-room amid the hisses of the throng. Bells rang for religious services in the churches, and the jury could scarcely make their way through the crowd for the caresses of the people. Hundreds took them by the hand, pronouncing "God bless you!" upon them. Finch, who the day before had been so unpopular on account of his blunder, was now lauded. Had the case gone to the jury as it stood when he interrupted the charge, the bishops would have been acquitted for want of testimony to prove their guilt, but by the delay caused by Finch the bishops' counsel had been forced to attack

the prerogative of the King, and as it turned out the verdict was not a mere acquittal on a quibble, but was a triumph of the principle for which they contended. Finch's forwardness, which brought such a threatening cloud over the case of the bishops, proved to be the means, though unforeseen, of dispelling the cloud which hung over the nation.

The King was out of temper. The triumphing of the day was only a beginning of what followed at night. Never before were the streets of London so aglow with bonfires. Around these thousands drank the health of the bishops and confusion to all Papists. The success of the Protestant cause was for the present complete, and the proud spirit of the King was humbled. The affair served to unite the friends of religion and freedom, and the overreaching power of James defeated his designs, and finally drove him an exile from the throne.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MARY E. NOWELL.

I SAT by the couch of a fair young girl—

A playmate in years gone by—

Her hands were thin and her voice was low,
But her eyes were bright and her cheeks aglow
As we talked of the scenes of long ago;
And I grieved to think when they told me so
That she must die.

I pressed her form to my throbbing heart,
And my tears—they fell like rain;
But raising her wan and trembling hand
She pointed away to the better land;
"We'll meet," she said, "on that golden strand
And sing with that host, the angel band
Of the Lamb who was slain."

She died, and the beautiful casket was laid
In the cold earth's cheerless breast,
And I felt dreary, and sad, and lone,
To think that my early friend was gone;
That no more I should hear her ringing tone,
Nor see her face that with beauty shone
Till we met in the land of rest.

From anguish exhausted I slept, and dreamed
That an angel came to me
And bore me away to realms of light,
Where were shining ones in glory bright,
And the first that appeared to my raptured sight
Was my early friend in garments white—
Most beautiful to see.

It was only a dream, yet often I think,
When weary, and sad, and lone,
Of that time to come when, all sorrow o'er,
I'll meet my friend on that golden shore,
And sing with the hosts who have gone before,
Praises to the Lamb for evermore
Round heaven's bright, pearly throne.

THE LIVING SOUL IN MAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

AS the crowning work of creation was the production of man, so the crowning work in the formation of man was the imparting from the living God of a soul or spirit that was to animate the material temple. The Temple of old was not left without the indwelling glory of God; so also this fair structure of the human body received its complement in an indwelling soul. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and *breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.*" This is a distinct announcement that the soul of man is something different in its origin and distinct in its character from the body. The one is formed from "the dust of the ground," the other emanated from the breath of the Almighty. The one is "dust," the other "*a living soul.*" The soul is not a part of the physical structure, does not grow out of it, but is superadded to it. The mysterious combination of these two elements in man completed the work of his creation.

Breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, or breath of lives, as the Hebrew expresses it. In the creation of unintellectual animals God said, *Let the earth bring them forth.* Nothing is said about breathing into *them* the breath of life. Then, too, man was to be modeled after a higher type. *Let us make man after our own image and likeness.* Higher purposes were to be accomplished in his being. He was to have dominion over the animal creation. It was to be a wide dominion, including all animal kind in the sea, upon the earth, and in the air. That dominion, too, was to spread over *every herb bearing seed, and every tree, which is upon the face of all the earth.* The circumstances and the objects of man's creation are such as would indicate a new and higher order of endowment. This is still further confirmed by the importance attached to his creation in the councils of the Creator. The persons in the Godhead, and it may be the higher order of angelic beings, seem to have been summoned into council over his creation. Nothing can be more clear than that all this is implied in the expression, "*Let us make.*" If by the *breath of lives* is simply meant that the animal man began then to use his organs of respiration, began to breathe, why is the case mentioned at all in contradistinction from the creation of the unintellectual animals? While, then, man is possessed of the breath of

animal life the plan, the design, the circumstances of his creation, and especially the divine origin of the higher principle of the life that is within him, render the conclusion inevitable that superadded to his merely animal life is another life—that of the soul.

In opposition to this sublime doctrine of the soul there is a theory of some modern speculatists that the essence of matter is *force*, and also that homogeneous with this is the essence of spirit. According to this the substratum of the universe is *FORCE*. Mr. Morell, after granting that material phenomena indicate a substratum, claims that the real philosophic analysis of this substratum will bring us to no other result than that of the "*action and reaction of force.*" This mysterious "*force*" he makes the substratum of soul as well as body. Having thus merged both matter and spirit into "*FORCE*," he becomes enraptured at the result. "The universe in this light," he exclaims, "appears far more simple, more harmonious, more beautiful. Instead of a dualism we have a homogeneous creation, together with the activities of which it is composed, rising in perfect gradation from the lowest forms of matter through all the regions of organic life to the highest development of mind itself." What, then, is this wonderful *FORCE*? Is it in its nature material or immaterial? Did it exist antecedent to matter, antecedent to spirit? How? What was its origin? Does it exist independently alike of matter and of spirit? Then what is its substratum? What is the fulcrum upon which it plants its lever? But is it eternal? and did it give being to all the phenomena observed in both the material and the spiritual worlds? Then how does it differ from God? Is it not God himself?

As our modern speculatist has presumed to push in his "*force*" between us and the good old Scripture doctrine that "there is a spirit in man," and especially as he carps at us as an "old-fashioned theologian," at our theology as being "traditional," and most contemptuously at our doctrine as "the old theory," it may not be amiss to inquire into the origin of his "*force*." Where does he find it? How far has he comprehended its nature, measured its scope? Is his new philosophy "positive" or merely speculative? Rejecting the "traditional theology," does he confine himself to that which is real, or does he launch out upon a broad sea of endless speculation? Let us uncover his process. His first postulate is, that the ultimate atoms of matter are either absolutely, essentially, and necessarily inert, or they are absolutely, essentially, and necessarily active. Then he proceeds to discover that "a force of resist-

* MAN ALL IMMORTAL—A forthcoming volume.
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ance," or, to use a familiar term, *impenetrability*, is one of the elementary attributes of matter. His next step is the discovery of "gravitating force," an attraction in matter. Expanding the former a little he draws from it a "repellant force." And hence he claims that all ultimate atoms of matter are endued with this triple force, and hence *with life!* With one gigantic bound he has distanced all the absurdities of the schoolmen and converted the globe itself into a mass of life, each atom of which possesses a distinct individuality! His postulate we might question, and demand from him how he knows that the Almighty Artificer has not endowed even ultimate atoms with diverse nature and function. The diversity of manifestation in nature strongly intimates this, and no analysis thus far has afforded even a presumption to the contrary. Indeed, these very speculatists differ among themselves, some claiming that the ponderables only are endowed with the "attractive force," while the imponderables possess the "repellant force;" others claim that all ultimate atoms are endowed with both forces.

If we question the postulate of this materialistic philosophy, as we do with good reason, still more do we question the legitimacy of the process by which its conclusion is reached. Admit a thing which nobody doubts—namely, that God has endowed matter with the attribute of impenetrability or "repellant force" and also with a "gravitative force"—might not the process of endowment be stopped at any stage of progress pleasing to the Divine Mind? It do n't follow that, because matter is endowed with "attractive force," it must therefore kindle with the social affinities of life, nor yet because it is endowed with the "repellant force" that it must declare war and fight. It do n't follow because God has created innumerable atoms of matter and endowed them with certain attributes, that he must have made each the abode of life. Nature is very prolific in the development of life, but this modern materialistic philosophy is perfectly prodigal, and as reckless as prodigal, for, in opposition to the theory that looks upon "the material cosmos as a vast, lifeless mechanism" to be acted upon, it converts "the whole into a stupendous interacting organism." And then how it exults in rapture over its "homogeneous creation," which, rising from the lowest forms of matter, comprehends even "the highest development of mind itself," all looking back to one common origin—namely, "FORCE!"

But in the midst of this pæan of triumph over the demolished "dualism" of "the old theology," we are arrested by the fact that our

materialistic philosopher instead of FORCE has got FORCES into his *vivifying system*. One of these forces is attractive, the other resistive; therefore they are not only unlike, but antagonistic. Who yokes them together and makes them draw in harmony? Do these forces rest upon their arms, declare an armistice, agree upon terms of peace, and then peacefully work together, "rising in perfect gradation from the lowest forms of matter through all the regions of organic life to the highest development of mind itself?" We confess ourselves unable to see the universe "more simple," or "more harmonious," or "more beautiful" when seen through the optics of this new philosophy. Having tasted of this new wine, we cheerfully go back to the old and believe it better than the new.

Man became a living soul. We use the term *soul* to express the spiritual element of our nature—that element which knows, and thinks, and reasons, and possesses a judgment of right and wrong. The operations of the soul are diversified, but its distinct individuality and the unity of its nature rest upon the firmest basis of reason and truth. Sensation, reason, memory, imagination, will, and conscience are expressive of so many different modes of the soul's action. But they leave its unity untouched. They are so many capabilities, properties, or manifestations of the intelligent *substance* whose being and action are made known by them. These are the *phenomena* through which we are introduced to the knowledge of the soul, and in the light of which we must study its character.

It must not be thought amiss, nor awaken surprise, if we confess that we know not in what the *essence* of soul or spirit consists. We readily acknowledge our ignorance of the *essence*, the *subject-being* of matter. We make the same confession—and under the same limitations—concerning the soul. But though we were unable to tell what matter is, yet we find ourselves able to describe or define it by the sensible properties it possesses and the laws by which it is governed. So it is with the soul. Though we are unable to throw aside the veil and gaze upon its essence, yet we may discover its existence, and something of its nature and qualities, from our consciousness of its operations and our knowledge of its effects. Every one is conscious of a principle within him superior to the frame it inhabits. There is something that warms into life and excites to motion the machinery of our bodies which is beyond the artist's skill or the chemist's power. There is a beauty lit up in the expressions of the human

countenance which the painter's skill can never reach, for it is not an attribute of matter. It is the high and indisputable proof of the divinity that dwells within us. "It is a flame from heaven purer than Promethean fire that vivifies and energizes the breathing form. It is an immaterial essence, a being that quickens matter and imparts life, sensation, motion to the intricate frame-work of our bodies, which wills when we act, attends when we perceive, looks into the past when we reflect, and, not content with the present, shoots with all its aims and with all its hopes into the futurity that is forever dawning upon it."

The properties of mind are manifested in perception, thought, feeling, volition, reason, the passions, and the moral judgments. That every one intuitively recognizes a *something* in his breast which puts forth the distinct operations or experiences the distinct feelings indicated by these words the universal experience of men abundantly proves. They are not the acts, the operations of matter; they can not be predicted concerning the body. Thought is intangible; you can not see it as you can see light; you can not cause it to travel the magnetic wires as you may cause electricity to travel. But just as the magnetic telegraph is only the vehicle of thought, of ideas, which it neither originates nor constitutes, so are our physical organs only the media for the transmission, *the outward expression* of ideas which they have no power to originate. It becomes, then, one of the clearest dictates of reason that, if there is that wide difference between the properties, the characteristics of matter and spirit, these two principles must be essentially different in their nature. No one can prove infidel to what he feels, and he who marks the swellings of human thought, passion, and desire—expanding and enlarging to the grasp of infinity and eternity—can not fail to discern within him the elements of a spiritual and eternal existence.

"Who reads his bosom reads immortal life;
Or Nature there imposing on her sons,
Has written fables, man was made a lie!"

Thus are we led to the indubitable conviction that *there is a spirit in man*, distinct from the body it inhabits, and therefore he has become a *living soul*.

THE first part of wisdom consists in ability to give good counsel, the next is to take it.

Misfortunes are a kind of discipline of humanity.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I STEPPED into the post-office in the pretty little town of P. this morning to mail a letter, and found the entrance of the one box in which the white-winged messengers of love and hate, business and banter, are deposited, obstructed by the stalwart form of a man. He stood reading a missive which he had just taken from that little opening among the glass cases, his back to the aperture, his face toward me. I did not ask the great man, six feet high, with shoulders to match, to stand aside.

A rough old farmer was he. His coat had been left at home, and his soiled shirt, besprinkled with hay-seed, told what had brought him to town. It might be that he had seen sixty Summers, and that his sturdy strength had battled with life's difficulties for five decades since the merry laugh of his boyhood startled the squirrels among the walnut boughs. Those broad, bony, toil-worn, brown hands told their own story of labor as they clutched the open letter, into which his deep-gray eyes, shrinking away under the heavily-lashed brows, were gazing so eagerly.

No, I did not ask the man to move. Would you know why? Reader, did you ever see a brave and indomitable man, one that could look peril in the face and laugh to scorn the imminent danger that would make weak men quiver like reeds before a gale—did you ever see such a man broken by some grief that has scathed his manhood as the lightning withers the oak, or as the breakers rend and dismember the frail bark in a storm? If you have, let me ask you, could you ask that man in such a moment to stand aside for your petty interests? Could you dare oppose your commonplaces to the Niagara torrent that was sweeping his best hope into the abysmal waters below?

You need not answer. All you could do would be to send a fervent, silent prayer to the throne of God—"O, Father in heaven, have mercy upon him!" I did not ask him to move. I could not, that man with the open letter in his hand, that man with the crumpled bit of paper clutched between his great thumb and fore-finger, out of which protruded a lock of coarse black hair—hair as black as his own was once before those manly years had set their flying feet upon it, and left here and there a dust of silver gathered from the highways of time.

That lock of hair, that letter, that look of agony, that iron woe that had fallen upon his

sense and was crushing him! Was he turning to stone? Were those livid lips closing over the shut teeth made of steel? What did those stern eyes see through that bit of paper and athwart that lock of hair? More of truth than ever psychologist read from the same symbols. Away, away on the banks of the James River, near by where the white tents gleam in the Summer sun, he sees a shallow grave made ready for a poor boy that was wounded on the Chickahominy. Ha! he clutches the paper tighter, and a great surging emotion, like the last desperate wave that dashes the mariner clinging to the wreck into the black, storm-stirred sea, sweeps over him.

He sees the column of soldiers bearing the dead to that open grave; he hears the low, shrill fife and muffled beat of the drum, the chaplain's hurried prayer, and sees him, ere dust is added to dust and ashes to ashes, stoop to sever from that fair young head that lock of hair to send to the mother who every night turns her face eastward and sends up a wailing supplication to God to spare the life of her boy, her darling, her youngest. He sees the earth receive the form, and hears the tones of the fife as it trills forth "Hail Columbia" while the sorrowful company marches away.

Suddenly he starts, and his gaze is turned, not from the letter, but from the grave and its guest to the home near by where the good mother stands, even now shading her eyes from the sunlight as she looks to see if the dust of his hay-cart is not to be seen. How can he meet her with that letter and that lock of hair! How can he tell her that George is dead, that he was shot through the shoulder, that he has lain six weeks in the hospital, that his young breath passed away, telling them, "Cut a lock of my hair for mother and Nellie. Tell mother I am going home where war does not come!"

How can he tell her that! He, the stout-hearted, that cut down the forest forty years ago with strong hands, that chased the wolf to his lair, and tracked the bear that invaded his fold to the depths of the forest with unfaltering steps! He who has not wept for years, and who could walk to the stake without paling one drop of his proud blood! He who almost rebelled at the law that would not let sixty years, with rheumatic limbs, stand in the ranks and march to battle against the traitors to his country! He, who never knew fear, how can he go home and tell her that!

O, painter! paint me that strong old man's agony if you can, and it will embody in that one look, that one intense gaze over that letter and that lock of hair more of the wickedness

of this terrible rebellion, this fiendish war waged by slavery against liberty—waged by barbarism against Christianity—than has been transferred to canvas since the records of time began. Do you wonder I did not ask him to stand aside?

OCTOBER.

BY MERIDA A. BARCOCK.

LAZY, hazy, pale October,
Nature's Quaker, grave and sober,
Spurning all the brilliant flowers
Peeping forth from Summer bowers;
Chilling them with frown so bitter
That their eyes with frost-drops glitter;
Floret-eyes with frost-drops filling
By thy glance, so cold, so chilling.

Yet, though Quaker-like and sober,
Thou hast many a phase, October;
Thou hast many a changing notion
When thy thoughts are set in motion;
For to-day we find thee choosing
Neutral tints, all else refusing;
Then, like some gay, dashing fellow,
See thy robes of brilliant yellow.

Indian-red, green, brown, and umber,
Tints and half-tints without number;
Nature's wardrobe freely rifling,
All to please a taste so trifling;
And her garments rudely rending,
Never making, always spending,
Sure thou mayest be called, with reason,
Nature's spendthrift of the season.

WHOM LEAN I ON FOR STRENGTH?

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

WHOM lean I on for strength
In battle with the wrong?
I know the arm of flesh is weak—
Thou, God, art strong.

Great is the human mind,
Its reach—ah, me! how vast!
Yet is its brightness but the beams
Thyself dost cast.

Thou maker of the stars!
Thou ruler of the spheres!
Keeper of human destiny
Through all the uncounted years!

Mighty, yet still a friend,
Dwelling unseen above,
And sending glorious blessings down
To win me to thy love!

Trusting alone in thee,
Fearless I face the blast,
Knowing whate'er thy wisdom works
Shall prove my good at last.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Sabiur.

THE WRATH TO COME; OR, WHITEFIELD REACHING THE YOUNG MAN.—“*But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come!*” Matt. iii, 7.

An irreligious young man went to hear Mr. Whitefield, who took the above passage for his text: “Mr. Whitefield,” said the young man, “described the Sadducean character; this did not touch me—I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described their exterior decency, but observed that the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears; lifted up his hands and eyes and exclaimed, ‘O, my hearers! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!’ These awful words sunk deep into my heart, like lead in the waters. I wept, and, when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went, ‘The wrath to come! the wrath to come!’” The result was that the young man soon after made a public profession of religion, and in a short time became a very eminent preacher.

JESUS MIGHTY IN THE FIELDS AND BY THE SEASIDE.—“*Jesus sat by the seaside, and great multitudes were gathered together unto him.*” Matt. xiii, 1, 2.

George Wishart, one of the first Scottish martyrs at the time of the Reformation, being desired to preach one Lord’s day in the church of Mauchline, went thither with that design; but the sheriff of Ayr had, in the night time, put a garrison of soldiers into the church to keep him out. Hugh Campbell of Kinzeandleugh, with others in the parish, were exceedingly offended at this impiety, and would have entered the church by force; but Wishart would not suffer it, saying, “Brethren, it is the word of peace which I preach unto you; the blood of no man shall be shed for it this day. Jesus Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church, and he himself, while he lived in the flesh, preached oftener in the desert and on the seaside than in the Temple of Jerusalem.” Upon this the people were appeased, and went with him to the edge of a moor on the south-west of Mauchline, where, having placed himself upon a mound of earth, he preached to a great multitude. He continued speaking for more than three hours, God working wondrously by him, insomuch that Lawrence Ranken, the Laird of Shield, a very profane person, was converted by his discourse. The tears ran from his eyes, to the astonishment of all present; and

the whole of his after life witnessed that his profession was without hypocrisy.

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT SURPRISED.—“*The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites.*” Matt. xxiv, 50, 51.

Chosroes, King of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his vizier, asked, “What situation of man is most to be deplored?” One of the philosophers maintained that it was old age, accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body oppressed by infirmities, the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a heavy series of misfortunes. “I know a condition more to be pitied,” said the vizier, “and it is that of him who has passed through life without doing good, and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the tribunal of the sovereign Judge.”

RICHES MAKING A DEATH-BED TERRIBLE.—“*How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God!*” Mark x, 23.

When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, etc., at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected, “Ah! David, David,” said the Doctor, “these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!”

TAKE HEED TO THYSELF AND THE DOCTRINE.—“*Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.*” 1 Tim. iv, 16.

At a ministers’ meeting at Northampton, a question was discussed to the following purport: To what causes in ministers may much of their want of success be imputed? The answer turned chiefly upon the want of personal religion; particularly the neglect of close dealing with God in closet prayer. Jer. x, 21, was referred to: “Their pastors are become brutish, and have not sought the Lord: therefore they shall not prosper, and their flocks shall be scattered.” Another reason assigned was the want of reading and studying the Scriptures more as Christians, for the edification of their own souls. “We are too apt to study them,” adds Mr. Fuller, “merely to find out something to say to others, without living upon the truth ourselves. If we eat not the book before we deliver its contents to others, we may expect the Holy Spirit will not much accompany us. If we study the Scriptures as Christians, the more familiar we are with them, the more we shall feel their importance; but if otherwise, our

familiarity with the Word will be like that of soldiers and doctors with death—it will wear away all sense of its importance from our minds. To enforce this sentiment Prov. xxii, 17, 18, was referred to—'Apply thine heart to knowledge: the words of the wise will be pleasant if thou keep them within thee; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips.' Another reason was, our want of being emptied of self-sufficiency. In proportion as we lean upon our own gifts, or parts, or preparations, we slight the Holy Spirit; and no wonder that, being grieved, he should leave us to do our work alone."

A GUINEA A YEAR; OR, READY TO DISTRIBUTE.—*"That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."* 2 Tim. vi, 18.

A rich old gentleman residing at Manchester, was lately called upon by some members of the Bible Society there to subscribe his mite; he replied, "he had been thinking about it, but would first wish to become acquainted with their plans," etc., and wished them to call again. Some time after they did so, and he told them he had made up his mind to subscribe a guinea a year, and immediately began to count out upon the table a quantity of guineas. When he had got to twenty-one, the gentlemen stopped him and said, as their time was rather precious they should feel obliged if he would give his subscription that they might go. The old gentleman still continuing to count them out upon the table, they interrupted him a second time, when he simply hoped the gentlemen would suffer him to go on, and on he went till he had counted down eighty guineas. "There, gentlemen," cried the old man, "I promised you a subscription of a guinea a year; I am eighty years old, and there are the eighty guineas."

AMPILOCHUS AND THEODOSIUS THE GREAT; OR, ARIANISM REBUKED.—*"When he bringeth in the first begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him."* Heb. i, 6.

It was during the reign of Theodosius the Great, in the fourth century, that the Arians, through the lenity of the Emperor, made their most vigorous attempts to undermine the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ. The event, however, of his making his son Arcadius partner with himself on his throne, was happily overruled to his seeing the God-dishonoring character of their creed. Among the bishops who came to congratulate him on the occasion was the famous and esteemed Ampilochnus, who, it is said, had suffered much under the Arian persecution. He approached the Emperor, and making a very handsome and dutiful address was going to take his leave. "What," said Theodosius, "do you take no notice of my son? Do you not know that I have made him a partner with me in the empire?" Upon this the good old Bishop went to young Arcadius, then about sixteen years of age, and putting his hand upon his head, said, "The Lord bless thee, my son!" and immediately drew back. Even this did not satisfy the Emperor. "What," said he, "is this all the respect you pay to a prince that I have made with equal dignity with myself?" Upon this the Bishop arose, and looking the Emperor in the face, with a tone of voice solemnly indignant, said, "Sir, do you so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son because I do not give him equal honor with yourself?

What must the eternal God think of you, who have allowed his coequal and coeternal Son to be degraded in his proper divinity in every part of your empire?" This was as a two-edged sword in the heart of the Emperor. He felt the reproof to be just and confounding, and no longer would seem to give the least indulgence to that creed which did not secure divine glory to the "Prince of Peace."

BENEDICT WORT—EMBLEM OF "THE HIDDEN ONES OF GOD."—This well-known and beautiful plant Gotthold found growing on a desert spot, long after it had cast its little orange flower and got its brown and hairy seed-pod. He pulled it from the ground, wiped the soil from the red-colored root, and soon scented the sweet perfume of the pink by which it is distinguished. He recollected also that it is frequently gathered and suspended in beer and wine, to which it imparts not only an agreeable perfume and pleasant taste, but likewise a virtue to strengthen the heart, purify the blood, and warm the stomach. Sweet plant, said he then to himself, how many there are who, unacquainted with the virtues which the Creator has concealed in thy root, tread thee underfoot! In this respect thou art a charming emblem of true Christians, whom the Holy Spirit deigns to entitle *the hidden ones of God*. Ps. lxxxiii, 3. In them God hides his goodness, wraps them about with many crosses, and much tribulation and contempt. They bear the marks of him from whom they take their name, and who concealed his preëminence in abasement, his power in infirmity, and his life in death; and accordingly they seek not their own honor, but hide their treasure in humility. Sometimes, however, when it pleases God to exhibit the pattern of a good Christian to the world, they are acknowledged and brought to light.

My God! make me willing to be, and to remain forever, one of thy *hidden ones*. What harm will it do me to be despised or overlooked by the world when I am acknowledged by thee? If, however, thou hast appointed me to minister to others with thy gifts and graces, thou wilt also find a way to rescue me from obscurity.

THE AX LAID TO THE ROOT OF THE TREE.—As he walked in a forest Gotthold came upon two woodcutters, who were exerting all their might to fell an oak. In reply to his question, why this was done? they showed him that the tree was dead at the top, and, therefore, good for nothing but fire-wood. From this Gotthold took occasion to draw a useful lesson: Wretched man that I am, he said to himself, smiting his breast, how securely I live on from day to day, put far off in my thoughts, or rather think of nothing less than my latter end; and yet Death is daily hewing at the tree of my life, and the sturdy strokes he gives it, one after another, will ere long, and perhaps far sooner than I expect, stretch it upon the ground! Yes, the ax is already laid unto the root of the tree; and every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire. Matt. iii, 10.

Ah! my God, grant unto me that I may be filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus, unto thy glory and praise—Phil. i, 11—and that, with holy vigilance and cheerful faith, I may await the last stroke which Death will give me at thy bidding.

HITS AND MISFITS.

THE SOUL AND THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.—This strange metaphor occurs in the following passage from one of Archbishop Leighton's Sermons:

"The heart touched by the Spirit of God, as the needle touched with the lodestone, looks straight and speedily to God, yet still with trembling, being filled with holy fear."

There is a passage in Bishop Jeremy Taylor's sermon on "Growth in Sin," which amplifies the same thought:

"But as the needle of a compass, when it is directed to its beloved star, at the first addresses waves on either side, and seems indifferent in its courtship of the rising or declining sun, and when it seems first determined to the north stands awhile trembling, as if it suffered inconvenience in the first fruition of its desires, and stands not still in full enjoyment till after first a great variety of motion, and then an undisturbed posture; so is the piety, and so is the conversion of a man wrought by degrees and several steps of imperfection; at first our choices are wavering, convinced by the grace of God, and yet not persuaded; and then persuaded, but not resolved; and then resolved, but deferring to begin; and then beginning, but as all beginnings are, in weakness and uncertainty," etc.

Of similar purport, though from a very different source, is the following:

"As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea!
So dark as I roam, in this Wint'ry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee."

MOORE'S *Sacred Songs*.

Norris of Bemerton employs this simile in "The Aspiration":

"How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives even here Thy influence.
Even here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel,
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline;
But yet—so strong the sympathy—
It turns and points again to Thee."

Again, in his "Contemplation and Love":

"Man is not as a body, forever rolling or in an infinite vacuity; or as a needle continually trembling for an embrace."

Then a stanza on a loose slab in Bishop Jocelyn's crypt in Glasgow Cathedral commences:

"Our life's a flying shadow, God is the pole,
The needle pointing to him is our soul."

Quarles has these beautiful lines:

"Even as the needle that directs the hour—
Touch'd with the lodestone—by the secret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the pole;
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touch'd by the virtue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to thee."

In the song of "Sweet William's Farewell," the sailor, with great propriety, adopts a nautical term from his own art:

"Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to Thee."

Quarles has likewise a poem in which is enshrined the same idea as Jeremy Taylor:

"Like to the Arctic needle that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic power,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantically up and down, from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Pole's beloved breast.
E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night;
She bows to honor; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foil'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.
But hath the virtued steel a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy spirit?
O, hath my leaden soul the art to improve
Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
In this sad molting time of her desire?
Not first belov'd, have I the power to love;
I can not but stir, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me."

The same metaphor also occurs in the thirteenth Emblem of Quarles's 1st Book:

"Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetic friend," etc.

A much older author than either yet quoted, Raymond Lully, of Majorca, who died in 1315, says:

"As the needle turneth by nature to the north, when it is touched by the magnet, so it behooves that thy servant should turn to praise his Lord God, and to serve him, since out of love to him he willed to endure sore griefs and heavy sufferings in this world."—NEANDER'S *Memorials of Christian Life*.

Southey, in his *Omniaria*—Vol. I, p. 210—cites a passage from the *Partidas*, in which the magnetic needle is used in illustration. This is especially worthy of attention, as having been written half a century before the supposed invention of the mariner's compass at Amalfi; and as Southey remarks, "It must have been well known and in general use before it would thus be referred to as a familiar illustration."—See *English Notes and Queries*, Vols. VI and VIII.

METAPHYSICAL QUERY.—Can man reason without language? Can a definite idea be formed unless it be accompanied by the language to express it? When it is said, "He had a fine idea but could not express it," was not the idea incomplete and undeveloped? If this proposition be true, must we not contend for the inspiration of the words of the Scriptures rather than admit the common notion that the ideas alone were inspired and clothed in human language by the writer?

ance," or, to use a familiar term, *impenetrability*, is one of the elementary attributes of matter. His next step is the discovery of "gravitating force," an attraction in matter. Expanding the former a little he draws from it a "repellant force." And hence he claims that all ultimate atoms of matter are endued with this triple force, and hence *with life!* With one gigantic bound he has distanced all the absurdities of the schoolmen and converted the globe itself into a mass of life, each atom of which possesses a distinct individuality! His postulate we might question, and demand from him how he knows that the Almighty Artificer has not endowed even ultimate atoms with diverse nature and function. The diversity of manifestation in nature strongly intimates this, and no analysis thus far has afforded even a presumption to the contrary. Indeed, these very speculatists differ among themselves, some claiming that the ponderables only are endowed with the "attractive force," while the imponderables possess the "repellant force;" others claim that all ultimate atoms are endowed with both forces.

If we question the postulate of this materialistic philosophy, as we do with good reason, still more do we question the legitimacy of the process by which its conclusion is reached. Admit a thing which nobody doubts—namely, that God has endowed matter with the attribute of impenetrability or "repellant force" and also with a "gravitative force"—might not the process of endowment be stopped at any stage of progress pleasing to the Divine Mind? It don't follow that, because matter is endowed with "attractive force," it must therefore kindle with the social affinities of life, nor yet because it is endowed with the "repellant force" that it must declare war and fight. It don't follow because God has created innumerable atoms of matter and endowed them with certain attributes, that he must have made each the abode of life. Nature is very prolific in the development of life, but this modern materialistic philosophy is perfectly prodigal, and as reckless as prodigal, for, in opposition to the theory that looks upon "the material cosmos as a vast, lifeless mechanism" to be acted upon, it converts "the whole into a stupendous interacting organism." And then how it exults in rapture over its "homogeneous creation," which, rising from the lowest forms of matter, comprehends even "the highest development of mind itself," all looking back to one common origin—namely, "FORCE!"

But in the midst of this paean of triumph over the demolished "dualism" of "the old theology," we are arrested by the fact that our

materialistic philosopher instead of *FORCE* has got *FORCES* into his *vivifying system*. One of these forces is attractive, the other resistive; therefore they are not only unlike, but antagonistic. Who yokes them together and makes them draw in harmony? Do these forces rest upon their arms, declare an armistice, agree upon terms of peace, and then peacefully work together, "rising in perfect gradation from the lowest forms of matter through all the regions of organic life to the highest development of mind itself?" We confess ourselves unable to see the universe "more simple," or "more harmonious," or "more beautiful" when seen through the optics of this new philosophy. Having tasted of this new wine, we cheerfully go back to the old and believe it better than the new.

Man became a living soul. We use the term *soul* to express the spiritual element of our nature—that element which knows, and thinks, and reasons, and possesses a judgment of right and wrong. The operations of the soul are diversified, but its distinct individuality and the unity of its nature rest upon the firmest basis of reason and truth. Sensation, reason, memory, imagination, will, and conscience are expressive of so many different modes of the soul's action. But they leave its unity untouched. They are so many capabilities, properties, or manifestations of the intelligent *substance* whose being and action are made known by them. These are the *phenomena* through which we are introduced to the knowledge of the soul, and in the light of which we must study its character.

It must not be thought amiss, nor awaken surprise, if we confess that we know not in what the *essence* of soul or spirit consists. We readily acknowledge our ignorance of the *essence*, the *subject-being* of matter. We make the same confession—and under the same limitations—concerning the soul. But though we were unable to tell what matter is, yet we find ourselves able to describe or define it by the sensible properties it possesses and the laws by which it is governed. So it is with the soul. Though we are unable to throw aside the veil and gaze upon its essence, yet we may discover its existence, and something of its nature and qualities, from our consciousness of its operations and our knowledge of its effects. Every one is conscious of a principle within him superior to the frame it inhabits. There is something that warms into life and excites to motion the machinery of our bodies which is beyond the artist's skill or the chemist's power. There is a beauty lit up in the expressions of the human

countenance which the painter's skill can never reach, for it is not an attribute of matter. It is the high and indisputable proof of the divinity that dwells within us. "It is a flame from heaven purer than Promethean fire that vivifies and energizes the breathing form. It is an immaterial essence, a being that quickens matter and imparts life, sensation, motion to the intricate frame-work of our bodies, which wills when we act, attends when we perceive, looks into the past when we reflect, and, not content with the present, shoots with all its aims and with all its hopes into the futurity that is forever dawning upon it."

The properties of mind are manifested in perception, thought, feeling, volition, reason, the passions, and the moral judgments. That every one intuitively recognizes a *something* in his breast which puts forth the distinct operations or experiences the distinct feelings indicated by these words the universal experience of men abundantly proves. They are not the acts, the operations of matter; they can not be predicted concerning the body. Thought is intangible; you can not see it as you can see light; you can not cause it to travel the magnetic wires as you may cause electricity to travel. But just as the magnetic telegraph is only the vehicle of thought, of ideas, which it neither originates nor constitutes, so are our physical organs only the media for the transmission, the *outward expression* of ideas which they have no power to originate. It becomes, then, one of the clearest dictates of reason that, if there is that wide difference between the properties, the characteristics of matter and spirit, these two principles must be essentially different in their nature. No one can prove infidel to what he feels, and he who marks the swellings of human thought, passion, and desire—expanding and enlarging to the grasp of infinity and eternity—can not fail to discern within him the elements of a spiritual and eternal existence.

"Who reads his bosom reads immortal life;
Or Nature there imposing on her sons,
Has written fables, man was made a lie!"

Thus are we led to the indubitable conviction that *there is a spirit in man*, distinct from the body it inhabits, and therefore he has become a *living soul*.

THE first part of wisdom consists in ability to give good counsel, the next is to take it.

Misfortunes are a kind of discipline of humanity.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I STEPPED into the post-office in the pretty little town of P. this morning to mail a letter, and found the entrance of the one box in which the white-winged messengers of love and hate, business and banter, are deposited, obstructed by the stalwart form of a man. He stood reading a missive which he had just taken from that little opening among the glass cases, his back to the aperture, his face toward me. I did not ask the great man, six feet high, with shoulders to match, to stand aside.

A rough old farmer was he. His coat had been left at home, and his soiled shirt, besprinkled with hay-seed, told what had brought him to town. It might be that he had seen sixty Summers, and that his sturdy strength had battled with life's difficulties for five decades since the merry laugh of his boyhood startled the squirrels among the walnut boughs. Those broad, bony, toil-worn, brown hands told their own story of labor as they clutched the open letter, into which his deep-gray eyes, shrinking away under the heavily-lashed brows, were gazing so eagerly.

No, I did not ask the man to move. Would you know why? Reader, did you ever see a brave and indomitable man, one that could look peril in the face and laugh to scorn the imminent danger that would make weak men quiver like reeds before a gale—did you ever see such a man broken by some grief that has scathed his manhood as the lightning withers the oak, or as the breakers rend and dismember the frail bark in a storm? If you have, let me ask you, could you ask that man in such a moment to stand aside for your petty interests? Could you dare oppose your commonplaces to the Niagara torrent that was sweeping his best hope into the abysmal waters below?

You need not answer. All you could do would be to send a fervent, silent prayer to the throne of God—"O, Father in heaven, have mercy upon him!" I did not ask him to move. I could not, that man with the open letter in his hand, that man with the rumpled bit of paper clutched between his great thumb and fore-finger, out of which protruded a lock of coarse black hair—hair as black as his own was once before those manly years had set their flying feet upon it, and left here and there a dust of silver gathered from the highways of time.

That lock of hair, that letter, that look of agony, that iron woe that had fallen upon his

sense and was crushing him! Was he turning to stone? Were those livid lips closing over the shut teeth made of steel? What did those stern eyes see through that bit of paper and athwart that lock of hair? More of truth than ever psychologist read from the same symbols. Away, away on the banks of the James River, near by where the white tents gleam in the Summer sun, he sees a shallow grave made ready for a poor boy that was wounded on the Chickahominy. Ha! he clutches the paper tighter, and a great surging emotion, like the last desperate wave that dashes the mariner clinging to the wreck into the black, storm-stirred sea, sweeps over him.

He sees the column of soldiers bearing the dead to that open grave; he hears the low, shrill fife and muffled beat of the drum, the chaplain's hurried prayer, and sees him, ere dust is added to dust and ashes to ashes, stoop to sever from that fair young head that lock of hair to send to the mother who every night turns her face eastward and sends up a wailing supplication to God to spare the life of her boy, her darling, her youngest. He sees the earth receive the form, and hears the tones of the fife as it trills forth "Hail Columbia" while the sorrowful company marches away.

Suddenly he starts, and his gaze is turned, not from the letter, but from the grave and its guest to the home near by where the good mother stands, even now shading her eyes from the sunlight as she looks to see if the dust of his hay-cart is not to be seen. How can he meet her with that letter and that lock of hair! How can he tell her that George is dead, that he was shot through the shoulder, that he has lain six weeks in the hospital, that his young breath passed away, telling them, "Cut a lock of my hair for mother and Nellie. Tell mother I am going home where war does not come!"

How can he tell her that! He, the stout-hearted, that cut down the forest forty years ago with strong hands, that chased the wolf to his lair, and tracked the bear that invaded his fold to the depths of the forest with unfaltering steps! He who has not wept for years, and who could walk to the stake without paling one drop of his proud blood! He who almost rebelled at the law that would not let sixty years, with rheumatic limbs, stand in the ranks and march to battle against the traitors to his country! He, who never knew fear, how can he go home and tell her that!

O, painter! paint me that strong old man's agony if you can, and it will embody in that one look, that one intense gaze over that letter and that lock of hair more of the wickedness

of this terrible rebellion, this fiendish war waged by slavery against liberty—waged by barbarism against Christianity—than has been transferred to canvas since the records of time began. Do you wonder I did not ask him to stand aside?

OCTOBER.

BY MERISA A. BARCOCK.

LAZY, hazy, pale October,
Nature's Quaker, grave and sober,
Spurning all the brilliant flowers
Peeping forth from Summer bowers;
Chilling them with frown so bitter
That their eyes with frost-drops glitter;
Floret-eyes with frost-drops filling
By thy glance, so cold, so chilling.

Yet, though Quaker-like and sober,
Thou hast many a phase, October;
Thou hast many a changing notion
When thy thoughts are set in motion;
For to-day we find thee choosing
Neutral tints, all else refusing;
Then, like some gay, dashing fellow,
See thy robes of brilliant yellow.

Indian-red, green, brown, and umber,
Tints and half-tints without number;
Nature's wardrobe freely rifling,
All to please a taste so trifling;
And her garments rudely rending,
Never making, always spending,
Sure thou mayest be called, with reason,
Nature's spendthrift of the season.

WHOM LEAN I ON FOR STRENGTH?

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

WHOM lean I on for strength
In battle with the wrong?
I know the arm of flesh is weak—
Thou, God, art strong.

Great is the human mind,
Its reach—ah, me! how vast!
Yet is its brightness but the beams
Thyself dost cast.

Thou maker of the stars!
Thou ruler of the spheres!
Keeper of human destiny
Through all the uncounted years!

Mighty, yet still a friend,
Dwelling unseen above,
And sending glorious blessings down
To win me to thy love!

Trusting alone in thee,
Fearless I face the blast,
Knowing whate'er thy wisdom works
Shall prove my good at last.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE WRATH TO COME; OR, WHITEFIELD REACHING THE YOUNG MAN.—*"But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come!"* Matt. iii, 7.

An irreligious young man went to hear Mr. Whitefield, who took the above passage for his text: "Mr. Whitefield," said the young man, "described the Sadducean character; this did not touch me—I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described their exterior decency, but observed that the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears; lifted up his hands and eyes and exclaimed, 'O, my hearers! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!' These words sunk deep into my heart, like lead in the waters. I wept, and, when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went, 'The wrath to come! the wrath to come!' The result was that the young man soon after made a public profession of religion, and in a short time became a very eminent preacher.

JESUS MIGHTY IN THE FIELDS AND BY THE SEASIDE.—*"Jesus sat by the seaside, and great multitudes were gathered together unto him."* Matt. xiii, 1, 2.

George Wishart, one of the first Scottish martyrs at the time of the Reformation, being desired to preach one Lord's day in the church of Mauchline, went thither with that design; but the sheriff of Ayr had, in the night time, put a garrison of soldiers into the church to keep him out. Hugh Campbell of Kinzeanleugh, with others in the parish, were exceedingly offended at this impiety, and would have entered the church by force; but Wishart would not suffer it, saying, "Brethren, it is the word of peace which I preach unto you; the blood of no man shall be shed for it this day. Jesus Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church, and he himself, while he lived in the flesh, preached oftener in the desert and on the seaside than in the Temple of Jerusalem." Upon this the people were appeased, and went with him to the edge of a moor on the south-west of Mauchline, where, having placed himself upon a mound of earth, he preached to a great multitude. He continued speaking for more than three hours, God working wondrously by him, insomuch that Lawrence Ranken, the Laird of Shield, a very profane person, was converted by his discourse. The tears ran from his eyes, to the astonishment of all present; and

the whole of his after life witnessed that his profession was without hypocrisy.

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT SURPRISED.—*"The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites."* Matt. xxiv, 50, 51.

Chosroes, King of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his vizier, asked, "What situation of man is most to be deplored?" One of the philosophers maintained that it was old age, accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body oppressed by infirmities, the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a heavy series of misfortunes. "I know a condition more to be pitied," said the vizier, "and it is that of him who has passed through life without doing good, and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the tribunal of the sovereign Judge."

RICHES MAKING A DEATH-BED TERRIBLE.—*"How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God!"* Mark x, 23.

When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, etc., at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected, "Ah! David, David," said the Doctor, "these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!"

TAKE HEED TO THYSELF AND THE DOCTRINE.—*"Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee."* 1 Tim. iv, 16.

At a ministers' meeting at Northampton, a question was discussed to the following purport: To what causes in ministers may much of their want of success be imputed? The answer turned chiefly upon the want of personal religion; particularly the neglect of close dealing with God in closet prayer. Jer. x, 21, was referred to: "Their pastors are become brutish, and have not sought the Lord: therefore they shall not prosper, and their flocks shall be scattered." Another reason assigned was the want of reading and studying the Scriptures more as Christians, for the edification of their own souls. "We are too apt to study them," adds Mr. Fuller, "merely to find out something to say to others, without living upon the truth ourselves. If we eat not the book before we deliver its contents to others, we may expect the Holy Spirit will not much accompany us. If we study the Scriptures as Christians, the more familiar we are with them, the more we shall feel their importance; but if otherwise, our

familiarity with the Word will be like that of soldiers and doctors with death—it will wear away all sense of its importance from our minds. To enforce this sentiment Prov. xxii, 17, 18, was referred to—'Apply thine heart to knowledge: the words of the wise will be pleasant if thou keep them within thee; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips.' Another reason was, our want of being emptied of self-sufficiency. In proportion as we lean upon our own gifts, or parts, or preparations, we slight the Holy Spirit; and no wonder that, being grieved, he should leave us to do our work alone."

A GUINEA A YEAR; OR, READY TO DISTRIBUTE.—*"That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."* 2 Tim. vi, 18.

A rich old gentleman residing at Manchester, was lately called upon by some members of the Bible Society there to subscribe his mite; he replied, "he had been thinking about it, but would first wish to become acquainted with their plans," etc., and wished them to call again. Some time after they did so, and he told them he had made up his mind to subscribe a guinea a year, and immediately began to count out upon the table a quantity of guineas. When he had got to twenty-one, the gentlemen stopped him and said, as their time was rather precious they should feel obliged if he would give his subscription that they might go. The old gentleman still continuing to count them out upon the table, they interrupted him a second time, when he simply hoped the gentlemen would suffer him to go on, and on he went till he had counted down eighty guineas. "There, gentlemen," cried the old man, "I promised you a subscription of a guinea a year; I am eighty years old, and there are the eighty guineas."

AMPILOCHUS AND THEODOSIUS THE GREAT; OR, ARIANISM REBUKED.—*"When he bringeth in the first begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him."* Heb. i, 6.

It was during the reign of Theodosius the Great, in the fourth century, that the Arians, through the lenity of the Emperor, made their most vigorous attempts to undermine the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ. The event, however, of his making his son Arcadius partner with himself on his throne, was happily overruled to his seeing the God-dishonoring character of their creed. Among the bishops who came to congratulate him on the occasion was the famous and esteemed Ampilocheus, who, it is said, had suffered much under the Arian persecution. He approached the Emperor, and making a very handsome and dutiful address was going to take his leave. "What," said Theodosius, "do you take no notice of my son? Do you not know that I have made him a partner with me in the empire?" Upon this the good old Bishop went to young Arcadius, then about sixteen years of age, and putting his hand upon his head, said, "The Lord bless thee, my son!" and immediately drew back. Even this did not satisfy the Emperor. "What," said he, "is this all the respect you pay to a prince that I have made with equal dignity with myself?" Upon this the Bishop arose, and looking the Emperor in the face, with a tone of voice solemnly indignant, said, "Sir, do you so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son because I do not give him equal honor with yourself?

What must the eternal God think of you, who have allowed his coequal and coeternal Son to be degraded in his proper divinity in every part of your empire?" This was as a two-edged sword in the heart of the Emperor. He felt the reproof to be just and confounding, and no longer would seem to give the least indulgence to that creed which did not secure divine glory to the "Prince of Peace."

BENEDICT WORT—EMBLEM OF "THE HIDDEN ONES OF GOD."—This well-known and beautiful plant Gotthold found growing on a desert spot, long after it had cast its little orange flower and got its brown and hairy seed-pod. He pulled it from the ground, wiped the soil from the red-colored root, and soon scented the sweet perfume of the pink by which it is distinguished. He recollected also that it is frequently gathered and suspended in beer and wine, to which it imparts not only an agreeable perfume and pleasant taste, but likewise a virtue to strengthen the heart, purify the blood, and warm the stomach. Sweet plant, said he then to himself, how many there are who, unacquainted with the virtues which the Creator has concealed in thy root, tread thee underfoot! In this respect thou art a charming emblem of true Christians, whom the Holy Spirit deigns to entitle *the hidden ones of God*. Ps. lxxxiii, 3. In them God hides his goodness, wraps them about with many crosses, and much tribulation and contempt. They bear the marks of him from whom they take their name, and who concealed his preëminence in abasement, his power in infirmity, and his life in death; and accordingly they seek not their own honor, but hide their treasure in humility. Sometimes, however, when it pleases God to exhibit the pattern of a good Christian to the world, they are acknowledged and brought to light.

My God! make me willing to be, and to remain forever, one of thy *hidden ones*. What harm will it do me to be despised or overlooked by the world when I am acknowledged by thee? If, however, thou hast appointed me to minister to others with thy gifts and graces, thou wilt also find a way to rescue me from obscurity.

THE AX LAID TO THE ROOT OF THE TREE.—As he walked in a forest Gotthold came upon two woodcutters, who were exerting all their might to fell an oak. In reply to his question, why this was done? they showed him that the tree was dead at the top, and, therefore, good for nothing but fire-wood. From this Gotthold took occasion to draw a useful lesson: Wretched man that I am, he said to himself, smiting his breast, how securely I live on from day to day, put far off in my thoughts, or rather think of nothing less than my latter end; and yet Death is daily hewing at the tree of my life, and the sturdy strokes he gives it, one after another, will ere long, and perhaps far sooner than I expect, stretch it upon the ground! Yes, the ax is already laid unto the root of the tree; and every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire. Matt. iii, 10.

Ah! my God, grant unto me that I may be filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus, unto thy glory and praise—Phil. i, 11—and that, with holy vigilance and cheerful faith, I may await the last stroke which Death will give me at thy bidding.

Soul and Needle.

THE SOUL AND THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.—This strange metaphor occurs in the following passage from one of Archbishop Leighton's Sermons:

"The heart touched by the Spirit of God, as the needle touched with the lodestone, looks straight and speedily to God, yet still with trembling, being filled with holy fear."

There is a passage in Bishop Jeremy Taylor's sermon on "Growth in Sin," which amplifies the same thought:

"But as the needle of a compass, when it is directed to its beloved star, at the first addresses waves on either side, and seems indifferent in its courtship of the rising or declining sun, and when it seems first determined to the north stands awhile trembling, as if it suffered inconvenience in the first fruition of its desires, and stands not still in full enjoyment till after first a great variety of motion, and then an undisturbed posture; so is the piety, and so is the conversion of a man wrought by degrees and several steps of imperfection; at first our choices are wavering, convinced by the grace of God, and yet not persuaded; and then persuaded, but not resolved; and then resolved, but deferring to begin; and then beginning, but as all beginnings are, in weakness and uncertainty," etc.

Of similar purport, though from a very different source, is the following:

"As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea!
So dark as I roam, in this Wint'ry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee."

MOORE'S Sacred Songs.

Norris of Bemerton employs this simile in "The Aspiration:"

"How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives even here Thy influence.
Even here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline;
But yet—so strong the sympathy—
It turns and points again to Thee."

Again, in his "Contemplation and Love:"

"Man is not as a body, forever rolling or in an infinite vacuity; or as a needle continually trembling for an embrace."

Then a stanza on a loose slab in Bishop Jocelyn's crypt in Glasgow Cathedral commences:

"Our life's a flying shadow, God is the pole,
The needle pointing to him is our soul."

Quarles has these beautiful lines:

"Even as the needle that directs the hour—
Touch'd with the lodestone—by the secret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the pole;
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touch'd by the virtue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to thee."

In the song of "Sweet William's Farewell," the sailor, with great propriety, adopts a nautical term from his own art:

"Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to Thee."

Quarles has likewise a poem in which is enshrined the same idea as Jeremy Taylor:

"Like to the Arctic needle that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic power,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down, from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Pole's beloved breast.
E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night;
She bows to honor; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now fall'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.
But hath the virtued steel a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy spirit?
O, hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
In this sad molting time of her desire?
Not first belov'd, have I the power to love;
I can not but stir, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me."

The same metaphor also occurs in the thirteenth Emblem of Quarles's 1st Book:

"Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetic friend," etc.

A much older author than either yet quoted, Raymond Lully, of Majorca, who died in 1315, says:

"As the needle turneth by nature to the north, when it is touched by the magnet, so it behooves that thy servant should turn to praise his Lord God, and to serve him, since out of love to him he willed to endure sore griefs and heavy sufferings in this world."—NEANDER'S *Memorials of Christian Life*.

Southey, in his *Omniana*—Vol. I, p. 210—cites a passage from the *Partidas*, in which the magnetic needle is used in illustration. This is especially worthy of attention, as having been written half a century before the supposed invention of the mariner's compass at Amalfi; and as Southey remarks, "It must have been well known and in general use before it would thus be referred to as a familiar illustration."—See *English Notes and Queries*, Vols. VI and VIII.

METAPHYSICAL QUERY.—Can man reason without language? Can a definite idea be formed unless it be accompanied by the language to express it? When it is said, "He had a fine idea but could not express it," was not the idea incomplete and undeveloped? If this proposition be true, must we not contend for the inspiration of the words of the Scriptures rather than admit the common notion that the ideas alone were inspired and clothed in human language by the writer?

OUTLIVING THE POSSIBILITY OF SALVATION.—That salvation is always possible during the life of a moral agent may be argued from several considerations:

1. The Scriptures nowhere teach by positive declaration or necessary implication that a man may outlive the possibility of salvation. Passages like the following are cited by some as proving this doctrine, but they are manifestly insufficient. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." This was said in reference to the antediluvians, whose terrible fate furnishes a striking proof that God's Spirit will not always strive with man. When that Spirit ceased its strivings with them the Divine judgments came upon and destroyed them. "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." This is a favorite passage with many in support of this doctrine; but its use in that connection is certainly very questionable. After this declaration we read of the repentance of Ephraim: "What have I any more to do with idols?" etc. Hosea xiv, 8, 9. "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and . . . if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance," etc. Hebrews vi, 4-6. This, by some, is regarded as conclusive on this subject. But of whom does the apostle speak in these passages? Certainly of apostates, those who were once Christians, and who afterward fell away from Christ by apostasy, and rejected his atonement as a means of salvation. The key of the whole passage is, "Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." Repentance in their case was impossible, because and for no other reason they rejected the only means of salvation—Christ and his atonement. Receiving Christ again as the way of salvation, more than one commentator maintains the impossibility of repentance existed no longer. We know of no passage of Scripture, fairly interpreted, which teaches that salvation is not always possible during life, or which conflicts with the declaration of Watts:

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

It may be remarked again that,

2. Human life is represented in the Scriptures as a probation. Moral agents are here on trial for the life to come. They determine their characters in time and fix their destinies in eternity as they succeed or fail in the trial. This is granted by all. The question now arises whether human life ever transcends or goes beyond the period of human probation? Or in other words, is probation ever shorter than life in the history of a human being? If so, we have mortals in life who are no longer on probation, since the argument assumes they have failed altogether in the trial. Here certainly is an anomaly. Men live and yet are no longer on probation! Why do they live a moment beyond the period at which they failed in life's solemn trial for eternity? This question is legitimate; we have it in effect in the parable of the barren fig-tree. On account of its continued barrenness the owner said, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" But the vine-dresser, who represents the Savior, whose sympathies and efforts are so intense for human salvation, pleads for the life of the tree another year. The argument is, that by superior cultivation it may bring forth fruit; but should it fail after another year's trial, there was no longer any reason why it should cumber the ground,

and thus injure the other trees in the vineyard. Mortals live only in virtue of the intercessions of Jesus Christ; why, therefore, should the Savior plead for longer life to the man whose wickedness has made his salvation impossible? and who could only live to do vast injury to his cause? *Probation can not be shorter than human life*; we conclude, therefore, that salvation, however improbable, is always possible during the life of a moral agent. F. S. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUERY.—Where is the site of Magdala? I ask this question as several are much interested in it, and it is a mooted point among geographers. Among noted authors who differ on this point are Dr. Edward Wells, Dr. Clarke, and Whitby. One makes it a place on the east coast of Galilee; another leaves it indefinite; another has it on the south-east coast; still another says it is on the west coast; and I believe Mitchell has it south of the Galilean Sea. I think a recent traveler has settled the question, but I have forgotten the name. C. W. D.

THE WISE FOOLS OF GOTHAM.—On an eminence about a mile south of Gotham, a village in Nottinghamshire, stands a bush known as the "Cuckoo Bush," and with which the following strange legend is connected. The present bush is planted on the site of the original one, and serves as a memorial of the disloyal event which has given the village its notoriety.

King John, as the story goes, was marching toward Nottingham, and intended to pass through Gotham meadow. The villagers believed that the ground over which a king passed, became forever afterward a public road; and not being minded to part with their meadow so cheaply, by some means or other they prevented the King from passing that way. Incensed at their proceedings, he sent, soon after, to inquire the reason of their rudeness and incivility, doubtless intending to punish them by fine or otherwise. When they heard of the approach of the messengers, they were as anxious to escape the consequences of the monarch's displeasure as they had been to save their meadow. What time they had for deliberation, or what counsels they took, we are not told; but when the King's servants arrived they found some of the inhabitants endeavoring to drown an eel in a pond; some dragging their carts and wagons to the top of a barn, to shade a wood from the sun's rays; some tumbling cheeses down a hill, in the expectation that they would find their way to Nottingham market; and some employed in hedging in a cuckoo, which had perched upon an old bush. In short, they were all employed in such a manner as convinced the King's officers that they were a village of fools, and, consequently, unworthy of his Majesty's notice. They, of course, having outwitted the King, imagined that they were wise. Hence arose the saying, "The wise fools of Gotham."

MATHEMATICAL PARADOX.—Solution.

By supposition $a=x$,

then $ax-a^2=0$, also $x^2-a^2=0$,

and $x-a=0$.

hence $\frac{ax-a^2}{x-a} = \frac{0}{0}$ and $\frac{x^2-a^2}{x-a} = \frac{0}{0}$

expressions which, by a well-known principle in algebra, are indeterminate, as they may represent any finite quantity.

P. W.

Birthdays for Children.

THE MISSIONARY'S LETTER TO HIS CHILD.—Our little readers will be deeply interested in this letter. It came from a far-off land to the little motherless daughter left behind. We hope each girl and boy who reads it will love the missionaries more than ever; and also that each will resolve to do more in the Sunday School Missionary Society to aid the cause. But let us read the letter:

FUH-CHAU, CHINA, December 22, 1862.

My Darling Little Joey.—When I awoke this morning I thought, "This is little Joey's birthday;" how papa would like to be with her, and hug her, and kiss her, and give her three gentle taps just to make her grow! But I have no doubt your aunties and uncle Willie will see that is attended to; and they must be careful and not tap too hard or papa will hear it, and when he comes over that way will have to see to them. Papa feels sorry that he can not be with his darling to-day; but our Heavenly Father, who sent you to him and your precious mother here in Fuh-Chau just three years ago to-day, calls your papa to labor here; so he must try to be content not to see his darling for a long time; but he hopes that God will spare us both and let us see each other again some day. Papa wants little Joey to be very careful to obey her "mamma,"^o and love her, and show her that she is very thankful to her for taking such good care of her, as she has done ever since papa brought her home a poor motherless little baby. As papa sits writing here to-night a great many pleasant thoughts of his darling come into his mind. He remembers what a wee thing she was at first, and how he used to hold her in his arms and walk about the floor with her, and sing to her. He remembers when she was up on Mount Kooshan with him and her dear mother, and how merrily she used to laugh, and how pleased the Chinese boy, Essay, was with her. And he remembers how her mother loved her, and how she used to kiss her every night after we went aboard the ship to go over the great ocean to America. And then poor papa thinks of the sad night when your mother took her last kiss, and said her last "good-night" to you. Papa's eyes are full of tears now, and he can hardly see what he is writing, for he loved Joey's mother very much, and it makes him feel sad to think she has gone where he can not see her. But she has gone to a better world than this: she is living in a mansion that Jesus made for her, and it is a great deal nicer place than "mamma Gorham's" house that Joey thinks is so nice now, and a great deal nicer than any house in this world—and she will never be sick any more. Papa hopes Joey will be a very good little girl, so that some day she may go and live with her mamma again.

Joey's new mamma sends her an extra lot of kisses for her birthday, and has offered a special prayer for her to-day. Papa sends her a dozen kisses too, and I guess her aunties, and uncle Willie, and "mamma" will have to give them to her—three apiece. Good-by, darling.

Your loving father.

THE STORY OF KING CORN.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"Such a rainy day!" said little Susy, as she stood by the window watching the drops of rain pattering against the panes. "I wish I was one of those ducks out in that big puddle, or else that dinner was ready, or aunt Lucy would come home, or some body tell me a story."

Annie was holding a skein of silk for her mother to wind, and Robert was writing his composition by the table. Every

body was busy; aunt Lucy could not come home in the rain, dinner would not be ready for an hour, and as for being a duck, Susy knew well enough that her mother would not even let her go out and play she was one, so she turned from the window with the question that has perplexed so many weary mothers on rainy days—"Mother, what can I do?"

"There are your dolls, Susy," suggested her mother, working away at an ugly tangle in the silk.

"Fido gnawed Judy all up," said Susy, "and Sally is out on Arthur's camp-ground, you see she was a nurse in the hospital; and Jenny and Rose are up garret in a bandbox, I'm playing they're gone to Saratoga; and any way I can't play without Annie."

"Why do not you ask me to tell you a story?" said Robert, "I can tell you just as good a one as aunt Lucy."

"O, Robert!" said Susy, "will you truly tell me a story? and what will it be about?"

"It is about a king," said Robert, "and I shall call it the Story of King Corn."

"Is it true, Robert?" asked Susy as she seated herself on the carpet at his feet.

"Partly true and partly not true. When I get through then you will know;" so Robert began his story.

Once there was a very pleasant country that was called the Sunset Land. Flowers of all kinds grew on its beautiful hills and plains; in its forests lived the wild deer, and its lakes and rivers were full of all sorts of fish.

A great many people lived in this beautiful country—men, women, and little children—and they would have been very happy only they had one thing to trouble them. Somewhere, in a cave among the mountains, lived a dreadful robber called Famine; and he would sometimes come down from his hiding-place and kill even the little innocent children.

The people tried every way to drive him off, and sometimes he would not trouble them for a few years, and they would think he was surely dead. But whenever there came a bad season, so that the crops did not grow or the grass dried up in the fields, then Famine was sure to come back and prowl around their houses all Winter.

At last they heard of another country where a very strong king was living, whose name was King Corn, and they sent some men to him to beg him to send an army and drive this robber out of the land. So the next Spring King Corn sent a great army, thousands and thousands of soldiers, but O such little mites of men, all dressed from head to foot in a shining armor of gold. They set up little brown tents all over the hill-sides and in the valleys, and shut themselves up close in them, without so much as a single sentinel to keep watch. When the robber heard that a great army had come against him, he sent some of his men to see, and they told him they could find nothing but little brown tents too small for a fairy. So the robber laughed and went back to his cave.

For a long time the brown tents were all quiet, but one beautiful morning there came out from every one of them four little soldiers all dressed in green. All day and all night they stood there, right in their places; in the sun and the rain it was all the same; but all the time they grew bigger and bigger, till, by and by, instead of the brown tents was a great army, with shining lances, and nodding plumes, and broad, green banners. When the Autumn came the robber crept out of his cave to see if there were any poor, feeble bodies among the people that he could kill; but as soon as he came in sight of the army with banners, he was frightened almost to death. So he called his men together, and took his wife Poverty, and they all went away from the country.

Then the people gave a great shout, and ever since then King Corn has ruled the Sunset Land.

^o Grandma.

"Is that all?" asked Susie.

"Yes, that is all," said Robert; "was n't it a nice story?"

"Yes; but I do n't quite understand," said Susie, a little doubtfully.

"I do," said Annie, shaking the last turn of the silk from her fingers. "Famine means when people can't get enough to eat, and die because they are hungry, and King Corn means"—

"O yes," said Susie, "I know now. The little brown tents are the hills of corn, and when the corn comes up that is the little green soldiers that grow and grow. It's true about the corn, but you made up the story part, Robert."

"But, Robert, was there ever a time when corn did n't grow here," said Annie; "and did people really have to send away for it?"

"I suppose they did," said Robert, "but it was a long time ago. When the white people first came to this country they found it growing here."

"Who used to plant it then?"

"The Indians planted it, and the squaws used to hoe it and take care of it."

"But where did they get it in the first place?"

"I do n't know. Some people think it grew wild here, but it is n't likely, for no one ever saw any growing so. I've read that it grows wild in some countries of Europe, but I do n't know about it. You must ask aunt Lucy when she comes home."

SOMETHING ABOUT JENNY AND LIB.—When the roses were first blooming, in early June, little Lib Smith went to visit her aunt Mary Baker, who lived in the country. Her aunt was a single lady. A little girl, whose name was Jenny Black, lived with her. Jenny was an orphan, and Miss Baker took her out of the poor-house. She was n't pretty, but she was so pleasant, and obliging, and industrious that every body liked her.

Lib and this little girl spent many happy afternoons together, sometimes building play-houses in the edge of the woods, "where it was n't so very dark and they could see aunt Mary's kitchen window through the peach-orchard," sometimes telling stories and riddles in the hay-loft, sometimes wading in the creek under the low, drooping willows. In the meadow adjoining the woods was an old haystack. One afternoon Jenny took her patchwork and Lib a story-book, and they went out to sit in its shadow. The katydids sang all around them almost in their very ears, and the birds sang such sweet songs over in the woods. The little girls looked at the shadows which crept out of the woods more and more into the sunny meadow, and up at the soft, white clouds in the sky, and they thought it was the sweetest place in the world.

"You get your patches arranged, Jenny, and I'll read to you out of my story-book," said Lib as they sat down close to the stack and leaned back in the hay. So Jenny arranged her patchwork and Lib read three stories. They were all beautiful, but the little girls liked the last one best. They sat very still thinking about it. It was a true story about a little child who long ago was turned to death for reading the Holy Bible and believing in our own true religion. He was only a little heathen boy, but he had a grand, brave soul. "I've read that story O so many times!" said Lib, speaking very gently, "and I always feel sad after reading it. Somehow I do n't feel satisfied with myself. It makes me want to do something great too."

"You would n't be willing to die for the sake of the Bible and God, would you, Lib?" asked Jenny in a very soft voice.

"I do n't know—no, I do n't think I would, to tell the truth, Jenny," Lib answered; "so even a poor, ignorant little heathen was braver than I. I would n't dare die for anything. But O, Jenny, I do want to do something, do n't you?"

Just then they heard a soft step in the grass near them. Aunt Mary stood there. She had come to call them to tea.

"Dear little girls," she said, putting an arm around each when they rose to go home, "aunt Mary can tell you in what the little heathen boy was greater than you. His heart

was full of love for God, and that made him strong and brave. You may never be called to die for your religion, dear children; but all through life you will find hard, bitter temptations in the world, and I pray God to give you strong, pure hearts full of love for him, that you may overcome them all."

Jenny and Lib tightened their arms around aunt Mary's waist, but said nothing and walked home in the sweet afternoon sunshine with a strange yearning in their young hearts. That night, when two tiny white-robed forms knelt by their bedside, aunt Mary stood beside them and thanked our Heavenly Father for thus early taking them in his loving arms. O, little children, come like Jenny and Lib, in the dew and sunshine of your young years, and ask God to give you pure hearts and the strength of his love through life!

L. J. C.

THE MOON "GOT A CLIP."—A little girl who says "ma" to the lady at one of my stopping-places, amuses us sometimes with her remarks. We were in the sitting-room one evening waiting and watching for an eclipse of the moon, which was to occur. She was very much interested and awaited it with much impatience. At length, going to the window, she discovered the moon's impaired disk and exclaimed, clapping her hands, "O, ma, come and see it; the moon has got a clip!"

J. L. P.

UNCLE IKEY WEARING SHOE-BRUSHES.—My little cousin, Ally, not quite three years old, was away with his mother visiting. The morning after their arrival an uncle of Ally's came in, who had formerly lived with them, but who had since cultivated a luxuriant black mustache. Contrary to expectation the little fellow shrunk from him and clung close to his mother, and looking up half inquiringly, half in fear, asked, "What for uncle Ikey wear shoe-brushes?"

J. L. P.

SOMEBODY CAN PRAY FOR ME, AND THE LORD WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.—A few months ago I received a letter from my husband—chaplain in the army—requesting me to visit him. I told my little girl—two years and ten months of age—that I was going to Dixie to see her pa. She began to cry and said, "O, ma, I'm afraid the fessionists will kill you down there!" "O no, Florrie," said I, "you must pray for me, and the Lord will take care of me!" "Can I go too, ma?" she quickly asked. "I think not, Florrie; you are too small, and it would be very hard for me to have to take care of you, and you might get sick," I answered. She dropped her head a few moments as if in deep thought, then looking up full in my face said, "Why, ma, somebody could pray for me, and the Lord would take care of me." And when I told her she could not go, she said, "Well, ma, I'll stay at home, and every time I go down on my knees I'll pray for you and papa."

L. A. E.

COME ON, PAPA.—A few months before the above conversation took place she was very sick, and one day when suffering severely she said to me, "O, mamma, I want to die and go up to heaven where the angels are!" I asked her if she wanted to go and leave papa and mamma without any little girl. She looked up cheerfully and said, "I'll take you along wis me, mamma, and I can look down from heaven to Dixie and say, 'Come on, papa.'"

L. A. E.

WIT OF A SCHOOL-BOY.—A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light."

RIDDLE.—Sixteen adjectives, twenty-four pronouns, a disappointed lobster, an oyster in love, and nineteen radicals, may all be expressed in one common liquid, which you must discover.

ANSWERS TO HOME PUZZLES IN OCTOBER.—Riddle.—The tongue. Charade.—Son-sun. Enigmatical Birds.—1. Kite. 2. Swallow. 3. Owl. Rebus.—Din. Anagrams.—1. Revolution. 2. Telegraph. 3. The bar.

May's Drawings.

LIFE AND DEATH OF MIRABEAU.—The Christian Chronicle gives a picture of Mirabeau, the French revolutionist—dark, graphic, sad:

"Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, surround me with music, that thus I may enter upon eternal sleep!" were the last words of the dying Mirabeau. Fit valedictory of so ignoble a spirit to the fearful scenes over which, like an arch-demon, he had so often and successfully tyrannized. Gifted with a versatility of genius that placed him on an equality with the most prominent public men of his country, Mirabeau might have wrought out for himself a monument lasting as the political annals of France, and been instrumental in leading that ill-fated kingdom to a retreat secure alike from the despotism of a court and the blighting anarchy of an infuriated populace. Possessed of an influence grasping alike the power of the palace and the cot of the artisan, he ruled both king and subject. . . . Eulogizing every virtue, he reveled in every vice; grasping at every merit, he embraced every defect; bowing down with the devotion of an idolater at the shrine of every glory, he burned unholy incense upon the altar of every disgrace. . . . Guided by no fixed principle of right, he basely stooped to gather the emoluments of every wrong; prompted by no holy impulse that might have made him a patriot or a martyr, he deemed it no villainy to betray a party or abjure a faith. Looking not beyond the present hour—that hour animated by no existence worth a thought, save his own; and that existence wedded to the gratification of every sensual appetite, even to satiety—he crushed within him those aspirations which, in the quiet of his youthful student days, pleaded with an angel eloquence for the actual glories of a future, nobler life, and wrote over the entrance of his chamber, "Death is an eternal sleep!" Every goblet of pleasure he had drained to the lees, every golden-hued fruit he had plucked from the tree of sensual life; and now in the hour of death, when every sense was silently, yet securely being sealed up forever, Mirabeau raised himself, all loathsome and deformed through licentiousness, from his couch, and in tones undaunted as those which he had erewhile spoken in thunder accents from the tribune of the Assembly, demanded the vestments for this last sacrifice—"Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, surround me with music, that I may enter on eternal sleep!"

A shadow stole over his black brow, a tremor shook his frame, and the sensual Mirabeau slept in calmness his death sleep. What will be the future of that ruined spirit!

FUN AT HOME.—Here is a good exhortation. Yet it must be borne in mind that limitation within its proper bounds is as indispensable as the fun itself.

Do n't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Do n't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearth-stones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Do n't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the

day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world, is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

THE TWO SONS.—This waif floated to us from we know not where. Its etchings are exceedingly delicate:

I have two sons, wife,
Two, and yet the same;
Both are only one, wife,
Bearing but one name;

The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and fights across the sea;
The other is a little child who sits upon your knee

Only one is here, wife,
Free from scath and harm;
I can hear his voice, wife,
All about the farm.

The other is a great, strong man, wherever he may be;
But this one, shadowy and dim, is sitting on your knee.

One is fierce and cold, wife,
With a wayward will;
He has passed through fire, wife,
Knowing good and ill;

He has tried our hearts for many a year—not broken then—for he

Is still the stainless little one that sits upon your knee.

One did willful wrong, wife,
Bringing us to shame;
Darkened all the farm, wife,
Blotted our good name;

And when our hearts were big with grief, he sailed across the sea—

But still we keep the little son that sits upon your knee.

One was rash and dark, wife,
Would have say for say;
Furious when chid, wife,
He went his willful way;

His voice in sinful rage was loud within the farm; but he
Remained the crowing little one who sat upon your knee.

One may fall in fight, wife—
Is he not our son?
Pray with all your heart, wife,
For the wayward one;

Pray for the dark, rough soldier who fights across the sea,
Because you love the little one who smiles upon your knee

One in sinful fight, wife,
As I speak, may fall;
But this one at home, wife,
Can not die at all.

They both are only one; and how thankful we should be
That we can not lose the darling son who sits upon your knee!

COTTAGE ABOUT TO SAIL.—A gentleman riding through Sydenham saw a board with "This Cottage for Sail" painted on it. As he was always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her very politely "when the cottage was to sail?" "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was the quiet reply.

OPENING THE MOUTH AT THE EXPENSE OF OTHERS.—It is said of a great calumniator and a frequenter of other persons' tables, that he never opened his mouth but at another man's expense.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.—The annual expenditure of Government for education now amounts to 2,500,000 rupees—\$1,250,000—besides 100,000 rupees given to various missionary schools as "*grants in aid*." The Government supports 4,158 State seminaries with 127,513 scholars, and in all the missionary schools are about 100,000, making the total in both Government and missionary schools amount to 227,513 Hindoo youth in process of education. There are, however, 30,000,000 Hindoo children and youth who ought to be in school. But the light will spread rapidly.

IMMENSE WESTWARD EMIGRATION.—A letter from near Omaha City, Nebraska, to the Milwaukee News, says: "There are nine hundred wagons going through to the mines. There is also a Government escort of one hundred cavalry going through with them. The roads are covered with wagons most of the time, some going to Pike's Peak and others to Washington Territory, California, and Oregon. Most of the teams now are ox teams. A horse train, consisting of about twelve hundred wagons, is about three hundred miles ahead."

A VINEGAR SPRING.—The correspondent of the Leavenworth Conservative with General Blunt is describing the strange mineral and yet fertile country through which the army passed on its southward march from Fort Scott, says that near Baxter's Spring some of the boys dug into a side-hill and struck a gushing fountain of clear, sour water, as sour as if half a gallon of vinegar had been turned into each pailful. It was not astringent like alum-water, but had the flavor of pure acetic acid. All sorts of minerals abounded, and sulphur springs are abundant. Coal can any where be found by digging a few feet. All that remains necessary is to settle it with a free-labor population.

POPULATION OF IRELAND.—The census of Ireland for 1861, which has just been issued, gives the total number of inhabitants as being 5,768,967, in addition to 26,080 officers and soldiers, 1,174 men belonging to the navy, 2,282 in connection with the merchant service. Out of these figures 2,105,958 can read and write, 1,022,787 read only, and 2,667,090 are incapable of doing either.

GROWTH OF TIMBER.—It is a singular fact that what were vast treeless prairies in Illinois twelve years ago are now covered with a dense growth of thrifty young forest trees, comprising various species of oak, hickory, cotton-wood, ash, etc.; so rapid has been this change in many localities that where some of the earlier settlers located twenty-five years ago, without a tree around them, they can now cut and hew good building timber a foot square. Prairie land, when kept from the annual Fall burning formerly practiced by the Indians, rapidly produces a growth of trees. Some of the old citizens, who greedily located the timber-land when they came to this country,

and were careless about acquiring prairie, now find the latter of more value than the former; their timber has grown faster than they used it.

DESERTS OF THE EAST.—Deserts are quite frequent in Asia. Many of them are of great extent. The most remarkable is that known as the Great Gobi, or Shamo—sea of sand—its whole length being probably not under twelve hundred miles, its breadth not being positively known. Another waste, probably the most remarkable of its kind in the world, is the Irak Ajemo, or salt desert, in Persia. It is about four hundred miles in length and upward of two hundred in breadth. There are besides four other deserts in this division of the globe, the whole occupying three-tenths of its surface.

A CLAM-BAKE.—A special correspondent of the Detroit Tribune thus describes a clam-bake on an island in Casco Bay: Fifteen to twenty tons of stone are put in an oblong shape about 70 feet by 10. On this three cords of wood are burned about two hours, or till completely reduced to coals. Over these coals is spread six inches of sea-weed, and then in the particular clam-bake we notice, which accommodated near two thousand people, were placed two barrels of potatoes, sixty bushels of clams, ten bushels of oysters, one hundred lobsters, and two dozen fresh codfish, two barrels of green corn, and eighty dozen of eggs. These ingredients, placed in the order we have named, were covered with a layer of sea-weed, then a canvass, and again another layer of sea-weed. The whole was cooked in three-quarters of an hour. The sea-weed performs an important part, for it not only properly salts the bake, but it emits the steam which cooks the ingredients.

TURPENTINE AND RESIN MANUFACTURE IN CALIFORNIA.—Since June 5th, John Hart, of Marysville, has made one thousand and forty gallons of turpentine, and one hundred and twenty-five barrels of resin. J. W. Jacobson, also of Marysville, has manufactured up to the 22d of July over one thousand barrels of resin. Mr. Jacobson is the pioneer in this business, and was the first to produce the amount required to entitle him to the premium offered by the State for the first one thousand gallons of turpentine and one hundred barrels of resin. He first began the business at Placerville over a year ago. This interesting manufacture, now fairly initiated in Yuba county, is paying its way handsomely.

SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—Another substitute for silver has been discovered by Mr. E. Sonstadt, of Loughboro, called *siderium*. It is found on the "carcass" or residuum remaining, when the chlorid of magnesium is obtained by evaporating and igniting the chlorids of magnesium and sodium.

MAGNETIC ORE IN LAPLAND.—A magnetic mountain has been discovered in Swedish Lapland. The vein is

the richest of any natural magnetic ore at present known. Pieces weighing four hundred pounds have been obtained. Specimens have been sent to all the European mineralogical cabinets, and quite a traffic has grown up. It is already debated whether a magnetic pole of the earth should not be sought in Lapland rather than Siberia.

DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—The following are the delegates from the Conferences named to the next General Conference, which assembles in Philadelphia on the first day of May next year:

Eric Conference.—C. Kingsley, R. A. Caruthers, J. W. Lowe, Moses Hill, R. H. Hurlburt, W. F. Wilson, N. Norton. Reserves: G. W. Clarke, J. Leslie, E. J. L. Baker.

Cincinnati Conference.—William Nast, William Young, Lorenzo D. McCabe, Moses Smith, Granville Moody, Mighill Dustin. Reserves: William H. Lawder, J. W. Fowble, J. A. Klein.

Central Ohio Conference.—William L. Harris, Thomas H. Wilson, Leonard B. Gurley, Alexander Nelson. Reserves: Wesley J. Wells, Elnathan C. Gavitt.

North Ohio Conference.—Edward Thomson, Jacob Rothweiler, Adam Poe, George W. Breckinridge, Henry Whitman. Reserves: W. C. Pierce, E. R. Jewett.

Ohio Conference.—B. N. Spahr, J. M. Trimble, John W. White, A. M. Alexander, Frederick Merrick. Reserves: Solomon Howard, Levi Cunningham.

Upper Iowa.—R. W. Keeler, H. W. Houghton, George Clifford, H. Fiegenbaum, A. J. Kynett. Reserves: J. C. Ayres, S. Pancoast.

West Wisconsin.—M. Bennett, James Lawson. Reserves: A. H. Walter, J. C. Aspinwall.

Detroit.—T. C. Gardner, S. Reed, J. S. Smart, W. E. Bigelow, E. H. Pilcher. Reserves: T. J. Joslin, George Smith.

Rock River.—Luke Hitchcock, Thomas M. Eddy, G. L. Mufinger, John Dempster, W. F. Stewart, S. A. W. Jewett. Reserves: F. Schuler, W. T. Harlow, C. C. Best.

Indiana.—G. W. Walker, J. Hill, J. H. Noble, W. M. Hester. Reserves: C. Nutt, S. T. Gillett.

East Genesee.—K. P. Jervis, J. M. Reid, F. G. Hibbard, S. L. Congdon, A. C. George, W. H. Goodwin. Reserves: J. Dennis, W. Hosmer.

Iowa.—Charles Elliott, Thomas E. Corkhill, W. F. Cowles. Reserves: E. H. Waring, John H. Power.

South-Eastern Indiana.—W. Terrell, G. C. Smith, J. H. Barth, Thomas H. Lynch. Reserves: Thomas Bowman, F. A. Hester.

Western Iowa.—Sanford Haines, D. N. Smith. Reserves: B. Mitchell, R. S. Robinson.

East Maine.—Lorenzo D. Wardwell, Albert Church, George D. Strout. Reserves: Seth H. Beale, B. B. Byrne.

Southern Illinois.—Philip Kuhl, N. E. Cobleigh, J. B. Corrington, A. B. Nisbet. Reserves: J. A. Scarritt, William Cliffe.

Central Illinois Conference.—R. Haney, W. H. Hunter, O. S. Munsell, A. Magee. Reserves: H. Summers, J. Chandler.

Michigan Conference.—T. H. Sinex, H. Penfield, F. B. Bangs, H. Hall. Reserves: H. Law, I. Coggeshall.

North-Western Indiana Conference.—Aaron Wood, G. M. Boyd, J. M. Stallard, John L. Smith.

Five Conferences yet remain whose sessions are in progress as we commit this to the printer; nor have we at this writing the returns from California. The Spring Conferences elect just before the session of the General Conference.

PANAMA HATS.—Guyaquil is the great depot for Panama hats, eight hundred thousand dollars' worth being sold annually. The grass of which they are made is found chiefly in the neighboring province of San Cristoval. They can be braided only in the night or early morning, as the heat in the day-time renders the grass brittle. It takes a native about three months to braid one of the finest quality, and I saw some hats which looked like fine linen, and are valued at fifty dollars apiece even here.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE MINERAL REGIONS.—The St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal, though at present the only outlet for the trade of Lake Superior, is destined ere long to have some competition. It is contemplated next year to open a railroad communication from Marquette, by way of Green Bay, to Chicago, and a railroad is also contemplated from St. Paul to Superior City, at the head of Lake Superior. Minnesota stands greatly in need of the minerals of Lake Superior, and the inhabitants of that region are casting longing eyes toward Minnesota as the source of the future supplies of their breadstuffs and provisions. Other lines of communication will, doubtless, ere long be projected.

HOW A BATTERY WAS CONSTRUCTED.—The famous Swamp Angel Battery, whence Charleston is bombarded, is in the midst of the marsh, 2,600 yards in advance of Morris Island. It was located at night by the men making their way to it on their stomachs. Planks three inches thick were driven down as the substratum; on this were laid several layers, on them logs, and on them boards. In the mean time the ordnance was floated up by night, and sand-bags innumerable from every direction, and one night a large force piled them up, and, to the surprise of the rebels, a dangerous battery greeted their eyes next morning.

OUR COUNTRY VS. ITS GOVERNMENT.—When Admiral Blake was fighting the battles of England, in the wars under a government—Cromwell's—in which he did not believe, he gave this answer to his men inclined to mutiny: "It is our duty to stand by and fight for our country, no matter in whose hands the government may temporarily be." This is the creed of a true patriot, who distinguishes between his country and the administration of its government.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.—Prof. Phillips has succeeded in obtaining drawings of the moon seen through a new telescope with a six-inch object-glass. They exhibit many new and striking features, showing a volcanic action of which we of this world have no conception. What would we think if our whole continent was a collection of craters, with hills rising out of their midst and divided by radiating ravines of awful depth? The only approach to any such scenery in our world is to be found in the Cordilleras of our gold regions, of which, by the by, we shall have some splendid pictures when Bierstadt returns to us.

Library Notices.

(1.) **HOME VIEWS OF THE PICTURESQUE AND BEAUTIFUL.** Edited by Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is an imperial octavo of the size of "The Imperial Court." It is printed on elegant pica type, making a large and beautiful page. The paper, both for the letter and for the engravings, is unsurpassed in richness of texture and beauty of tint. The whole mechanical execution will vie with any other this country has produced. The work comprises about three hundred pages and nearly seventy engravings. We confidently believe it will be surpassed by no holiday book the trade is able to furnish. In order to give the reader a better idea of the work we quote from the editor's preface the following statement of its design and character: "The beautiful in art as well as the beautiful in nature has its mission. It cultivates and refines the taste, it inspires with emotions of beauty, and implants a love for the beautiful; it also elevates and refines the moral feelings, and thus becomes a teacher of good. A flower in the cottage, or a chaste and beautiful picture upon the wall, is not only evidence of taste and refinement within, but they minister to that refinement, no matter how homely or poverty-stricken the dwelling may be. With this main purpose in view, as well as to gratify a demand widely expressed and oft-repeated, we have embodied in this volume a large number of the elegant rural and home views heretofore published by the Western Book Concern. Among the engravings are names that stand first in art, and it is not too much to say that here are embodied some of the finest productions that ever came from their hands. A volume made up of the engravings of such artists as Smillie, and Hinshelwood, and Wellstood, and Jones, and Halpin, and engravers of that character, must commend itself to the taste of the refined and cultivated. The literary accompaniment to these engravings has been gathered from a wide range and prepared with great care by the editor. Many of our best English authors are represented in the collection. Their productions are at once rich and varied. Each engraving has connected with it literary matter especially adapted to its subject. Then, to make the work as near the perfection of art as possible, the publishers of the Western Book Concern have had the most superb paper, beautifully tinted, manufactured especially for it, and in the whole getting up have employed the very best mechanical skill. They have determined that nothing should be wanting to make this one of the most perfect gems of art, as well as one of the richest holiday books, ever offered to the American public."

(2.) **PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN, WITH BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES.** Edited by Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D. Imperial octavo. 432 pp. 28 engravings. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—In page, type, and general execution this volume is a fac-simile of the preceding. We again quote the preface: "We have sought to make this volume rich, not only in artistic, but also

in biographical, historical, and literary material. The engravings, by a verdict already rendered, rank first among those produced by American artists. Here they assume a permanent place, as they will possess a permanent interest. Each one of the subjects in this collection is *celebrated* in the truest sense of the word. Not one of them but what is an historical, and, at the same time, a representative character. That representation is remarkable in its breadth and variety. Here are the representatives of patriotism and heroism; of reformation in the Church and of revolution in the State; of imperial power and purpose and of imperial weakness and vacillation; of orphanage and poverty ascending to the throne and of queenly pride and arrogance descending from it; of angelic mercy amid the desolations of war and philanthropy deep, broad, and universal; and, also, of genius, and wealth, and royalty consecrated to Christ. Here, too, are the representatives of the noblest matrons of the best ages of antiquity. Here art honors woman. Here the power of song charms the affections, and also shouts the battle-cry of liberty. Here, too, glows the missionary zeal that sheds its luster upon both Asia and Africa. And, finally, here glows the active, realizing, and unfaltering faith of woman in a present Savior and a full salvation. A wider representation could hardly be compressed within a single volume. Most of these biographies are from the pen of the editor. Those furnished by others have been extensively modified to adapt them to this work. The editor deems it proper, however, to state his indebtedness to Mrs. Julia M. Olin for the sketch of Mrs. Wesley; to Mrs. Lydia M. Child for that of Harriet Hosmer; to Professor Samuel W. Williams for those of Penelope, Cornelia, Pocahontas, and the Maid of Saragossa; to Rev. John P. Durbin, D. D., for that of Mrs. Wilkins; to Rev. John F. Marlay, A. M., for that of Lady Huntingdon; and to Rev. Charles Adams, D. D., for that of Mrs. Fletcher. As a holiday and gift-book, no less than as a volume for general reading, we trust it may find favor with the public."

(3.) **THE CAPITAL OF THE TYCOON: A Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan.** By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K. C. B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, etc., in Japan. In two volumes. 12mo. 407, 436 pp. \$3. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—A new interest in the anomalous Empire of Japan and its peculiar people has been awakened within a few past years. The uncertain glimmerings of light in that dark region, and the faint hope that Christian civilization would at some early day obtain foothold within it, have contributed to keep alive that interest. But just at this time public attention is especially directed to Japan from its warlike attitude. An extract from the preface of the author will exhibit at once the stand-point of his observations and explain the cause and nature of the present troubles: "The history of the Extraordinary

Missions show the Japanese rulers under the pressure of a sudden danger and emergency for which they felt fully unprepared. Submission to the exigencies of Western powers, which some inexorable fate seemed to have let slip upon their devoted country, or resistance with arms in their hands, seemed the only alternatives. The Japanese did, under these circumstances, what almost every Eastern race has done in presence of a superior force. They negotiated and treated because they felt unprepared to fight. They smiled and dissimulated, employing their utmost skill to give as little as possible, and reserving to themselves the full right hereafter of nullifying all they might feel compelled for the time to surrender. The foreign negotiators went away well pleased with their easy victories. The Japanese plenipotentiaries retired in disgrace, while their successors in the Government deeply meditated, in the interval before the arrival of the permanent legations, upon a policy of negation, accepting the letter, but determined on resistance *a l'outrance* to the spirit of the treaties. It naturally followed that the diplomatic agents first appointed to take up their residence in the capital were beset with difficulties, dangers, and disappointments from the hour of their arrival. Their predecessors, the ambassadors extraordinary, had only to extort certain privileges on paper; it was the business of the resident ministers to make of these paper concessions realities—practical every-day realities. As this was the very thing the rulers of the country had determined to prevent, it can not be a matter of wonder that there was not and never could be any real accord, whatever the outward professions of good faith and amity. Hence, also, it naturally followed that, although the original negotiators were received with smiles, and their path was strewn with flowers, their successors had only the poisoned chalice held to their lips, thorns in their path, and the scowl of the two-sworded bravos and Samourai to welcome them whenever they ventured to leave their gates, while the assassin haunted their steps and broke their rest in the still hours of the night with full intent to massacre a whole legation."

The favorable accounts given in the history of Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan, and also the hopeful views heretofore published by Mr. Oliphant, of the British Lord Elgin's mission, seem to be very much neutralized by the observations of this later author. These observations, too, we are sorry to say, were made under better opportunities for comprehending the real nature of the case. He says that if war, of which there is constant danger in spite of all the efforts of diplomacy to avert it, should occur between Japan and the great civilized nations, the latter would be overmatched and vanquished. But when conquered there could be, he thinks, no possible *fusion*. "The attraction would seem to be wanting powerful enough to blend in cohesion the elements on which a mixed or amalgamated civilization could be based. We can not hope or desire to absorb their civilization as the Spaniards did that of the Mexicans. There seems as little hope of their spontaneously fusing into their own such of the elements of ours as might best combine with it. Failing these we are left face to face with an insoluble problem, involving the welfare and the destinies of a nation of thirty millions of as in-

dustrious, kindly, and well-disposed people as any in the world." To the solution of this great problem he says "time, the great solver of all riddles, must come to our aid." He says the real cause of the implacable hostility of the Japanese rulers is, that they see in the introduction of foreign ideas a leaven, a cause of fermentation, and a germ of revolution which, if allowed to work unobstructedly, will in the course of years affect the mental constitution and social relations of the people, and thus eventually reach up to the Government itself with radical revolution. In fact, the volume brings out quite clearly the three great impediments to Christian civilization in Japan. They are, a political economy averse to international commerce or intercourse; a conviction that Christianity will upset the Government if allowed a foothold in the country; and the jealousy with which six hundred feudal lords regard any thing that may peril their hereditary power. This work has met with high favor in England, and we can not doubt but that it will be received with equal favor in this country, notwithstanding its strong tincture of the prejudices and principles of John Bull. It will greatly aid in the Japanese problem.

(4.) THE SOCIAL CONDITION AND EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. 12mo. 323 pp. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This work, as its title implies, is an attempt to portray the social and educational characteristics of the English people. The results reached by him are, "that the poor of England are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious and very much worse educated, than the poor of any other European nation excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal, and Spain." The lesson this work affords to us has point in the fact that "the mass of the brutality in our sea-board cities is an imported article." The American editor says that "while we can not hope to land our immigrants pure and undefiled when we know the source whence they are derived, we can and do raise their children from the mire, and we know that our country is now rich in respectable citizens whose parents were part and parcel of Great Britain's brutality." The statistics collected by Mr. Kay are of great value to the humanitarian.

(5.) LIVE IT DOWN is No. 233 in Harper's formidable "Library of Select Novels."

(6.) PAMPHLETS.—Upon our table have been laid the following pamphlets: 1. *Reasons for Gratitude—A Nation's Faith in God*. A Thanksgiving discourse, preached by Rev. David Gibson, of the New York Conference, Marlboro, New York.—2. *The Union, the Constitution, Peace*. A Thanksgiving sermon, preached by Rev. J. W. Jackson, of the Philadelphia Conference, Harrisburg, Penn.—3. *An Address Delivered before the Alumni of Harvard College*. By James Walker, D. D. Sever and Francis, Cambridge, Massachusetts.—4. *Oration*, delivered July 4, 1863, at Pleasant Valley, Ohio, by Hon. Richard A. Harrison.—5. *Catalogue of Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute*, Pennington, New Jersey—Rev. Daniel C. Knowles, A. M., Principal.

Editor's Table.

THE PILOT BOAT.—We treat our friends to a marine view in this number. It is from an original painting by Mr. M. F. H. De Haas, of New York city. As a faithful and skillful delineator of marine views he has a reputation equaled by few in the country. This engraving will certainly show our patrons that the reputation of the artist has been honestly won. Our thanks are due to him for the gratuitous use of the splendid picture for this engraving. The artist must not wonder if we knock again at the door of his studio.

The vocation of the pilot is one of great hardship and peril. In his small, sharply-built vessel he must brave the chilling Winter tempest and the Summer hurricane—in fact, "all winds and all weathers"—hovering off the coast to meet the in-coming merchant ships and conduct them safely into the harbor. To all appearance the ship seen in toward the headland light-house has signaled for a pilot, and the pilot boat is heaving into the wind in order to send one on board. But how the pilot is to get on board in such a gale and such a rough sea is a question rather puzzling to a landsman. But we hope he will get on board without damage and succeed in conducting the ship safely into the harbor.

Reader, a blessed Pilot is ready to come on board your tempest-tossed bark and conduct you safely into the port. Will you admit him? Will you allow him to take the helm? Will you trim the sails at the word of command? Then have you nothing to fear. Your bark may be tossed about by the storm, now and then your vision may be darkened by the surrounding fog, but you shall make the port at last. You shall cast anchor by and by.

CLIFFS AT HIGHLAND LIGHT.—Our readers must excuse us if, after having dismissed the picture, we return to a kindred theme. The light-house which crowns the point of the projecting headland suggests a beautiful poem of Whittier, not published in the volume of his poems, and probably known to few of those who read these pages. We give it entire:

O'er the shifting sand
Of the sparkling strand
The jutting cliff uprears its head;
Bastioned with gray
Alluvial clay,
And stained with dingy red.

A storm-sculptured steep,
Whence the swallows peep
From their ports beneath its crest;
And where far away
From the cold, salt spray
They build their sheltering nest.

'T is the sea-bird's haunt,
Where the deep sea chant
Swells up for evermore;
And the surf's hoarse chime
Keeps measured time
As it breaks along the shores.

In a sheltered reach
Of the oozy beach
Lies a shattered, grass-grown beam;
Some brave ship's mast,
That the typhoon's blast
Laid low in the warm Gulf Stream.
Here the drift-wood pile
From many an isle
'Twixt Roque and Sable's sandy verge,
Heaped on the shore
Shall drift no more,
Nor roll in the tumbling surge.

When the sunlight fades
The dusky shades
Of evening seeks its hallowed side;
And inward creep,
Where they sink to sleep,
Till dawn rolls in on the seething tide.
Then the gloomy hosts,
Like belated ghosts,
Upstart and fly in haste away;
And the old cliff gleams
With the golden beams
Of Phoebus, god of the day.

REV. S. H. NESBIT, editor of the Pittsburg Advocate, should have been in our list of those who received the D. D. during the past season, he having received that degree from Alleghany College. By the way, the last General Conference committed no mistake in placing Dr. Nesbit over the Pittsburg. He wields an easy, forcible, and independent pen, and brings forth not only a live but a rich paper.

NEW PRESSES AND PRESS BUILDING AT CHICAGO.—The large and substantial building erected on the rear of the Book Concern lot in Chicago was completed, and the presses set to work in it, about the first of October. This is an important improvement. It will tend to increase the business at that point. We congratulate our brethren there upon this enlargement. Dr. Eddy will now have the pressman as well as the printer at his elbow. It would be difficult to replace W. M. Doughty in the business management of that post. We trust the work will grow upon their hands till they will again cry out that the place is too strait for them.

THE BRITISH DELEGATION TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—We can hardly wonder, in view of National complications, that the question of sending a delegate to our next General Conference was a matter of debate in the British Wesleyan Conference. The President of the Conference, Dr. Osborn, pleaded strongly in favor of it, as did also Drs. Hanna, Jobson, Bunting, Arthur, and Rigg. The decision was in favor of sending one by a large majority, and Rev. W. L. Thornton, A. M., was unanimously selected as the delegate. Mr. Thornton is the editor of the Wesleyan Magazine. His sympathies, unlike some of his co-editors, have been strongly with our American nationality in its great struggle. A more fitting selection could not have been made. We have not learned who is to be his traveling companion.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.